

History of MICHIGAN

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HISTORY OF MICHIGAN



BY

SARAH LIEB.

Profusely Illustrated.



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HISTORY OF MICHIGAN.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DIS-COV-ER-IES OF THE NORTH-WEST.

IF my young friend will take a glance at the map of Mich-i-gan, he will see that on three sides of this State there are large bodies of water—water broad and deep enough to sail the largest ships in.

Now, the ports of A-mer-i-ca that could be reached by ships were the ports first settled, and thus it was, that the spot upon which Detroit now stands, although a thousand miles from the sea, was vis-it-ed by the French as early as 1610; but three years after John Smith sailed up the James River, in Vir-gin-i-a, and laid out Jamestown, ten years before the “May-flow-er” touched the frozen coast of Mass-a-chu-setts, and not much more than a hundred years after Co-lum-bus sailed from Spain westward in search of a short way to In-di-a. I suppose you know that before Co-lum-bus set out on his unheard of voyage, in 1492, no ship had ever sailed much more than a thousand miles on any sea or ocean, without being

able to enter some port, if the captain so wished. When Co-lum-bus said, therefore, that the earth was a sphere, and meas-ur-ed only *eight* thousand miles around its largest part—the e-qua-tor—and by sailing west about two thousand miles, he would be able to reach In-di-a, he could not make the people believe it, and much less the sailors of Spain.



CO-LUM-BUS.

But when a very learned man living in Florence, It-a-ly, named Tos-ca-nel-li, wrote a letter to a Por-tu-gal merchant, saying—

“Yes, the world was a sphere, and Asia could be reached by sailing westward;” then all the men who owned ships began to think about it. At that time, Spain, It-a-ly, Ger-man-y, England and France, were all new countries as com-par-ed with In-di-a and China, and there were a great many things made and grown in those countries that the people of the new countries wanted to buy.

The kings, queens, and high dames of Europe, having grown rich through many wars and much plunder, de-sir-ed more pearls, diamonds, silks and shawls; the merchants, the spices, fruits and brilliant dyes of the East, and the trades-work-ers those

beau-ti-ful and hard woods, the fine i-vo-ry and steel of Asia. They could only get these by sailing over the Med-i-ter-ra-ne-an Sea, crossing the Isthmus of Suez on the backs of camels, and taking ships again at the head of the Red Sea, sail down and out into the In-di-an Ocean. This was a long, long journey, and took many months for their ships to go and come. So, when the merchants and nav-i-ga-tors heard of this shorter way, some wished to try it.

Co-lum-bus was the first to make the venture. The sailors, at that time, thought the ocean to the west and south of Af-ri-ca a boiling whirlpool, full of all sorts of slimy monsters, sea-fiends, headless men, and hip-po-gryphs (half horse and half griffin), who were ever upon the watch for some straying vessel to wreck, in order that a fine meal could be made of the captain and his crew.

You may, therefore, im-ag-ine what trouble Co-lum-bus would have had to man his three little ships, had not the good Queen Is-a-bel-la come to his aid, and said, "I will help you." In those days, when a king or queen wanted sailors, they took them whether they wanted to go, or not. In this way Co-lum-bus se-cur-ed his ninety fright-en-ed sailors for his voy-age. He qui-et-ed their fears before starting from Palos, by telling them, when they had sailed about two thousand miles, they would come to one of the

many islands near the coast of Asia, called the *Ante Ilos*, or Foward Islands.

But, after sailing two thousand miles, and still no land in sight, was it a wonder that these seaman became terror stricken, and threatened to throw Co-lum-bus o-ver-board, unless he should turn back while there was enough in the ships to keep them from starving, until some Spanish port could be made.



IS-A-BEL-LA.

But poor, patient Co-lum-bus had not worked and waited eighteen years for the op-por-tu-ni-ty to carry out his great design, often without clothes enough to cover his back,

or a piece of bread for himself and little boy to eat, to be turned back by the threats and fears of a few ig-no-rant sailors.

He kept on, gazing upon that far-off line between the heavens and the sea, praying and hoping until at last he saw it; and when his fleet touched the soil of that blooming isle, which he called San Sal-va-dor (Holy Savior), we must believe Co-lum-bus was a happy man, and that he did, indeed, fall down and kiss the earth, and bedew it with his tears.

He did not know, how-ev-er, how very near he had come to a great and new con-ti-nent, but thought

the little island he had landed on, one of those he had expected to find on the coast of Asia. If he had only known what we *now* know, what a happy man he would have been.

But he never knew it. When he returned to Spain, the Queen honored him with a triumphal procession, in which marched the red men he had captured and carried back with him, their wrists and ankles bound with golden bands, and carrying in their hands the bright feathers of tropical birds found on the island.

Columbus called these people Indians. He should have called them Columbi-ans, as the New World ought to have been called Colum-bi-a, after its discoverer. Do you not think so?

CHAPTER II.

THE FRENCH, THE FIRST TO PER-MANENT-LY SETTLE IN
THE NEW WORLD.

There was great discontent in France during the reign of Francis I., from 1524 to 1547, on account of the spread of Luther's new religion, as it was called. The people quarrelled, and as a result

a good many suf-fer-ed death for belief's sake on both sides. This made the people afraid of each other, and wish to move to other countries. Both sides were de-ter-min-ed to have their side the side the



FRANCIS I.

King should up-hold. Ac-cord-ing-ly, when the knowledge of the con-ti-nent Co-lum-bus had dis-cov-er-ed began to be cir-cu-lat-ed among the com-mon people, they thought there might be found a way for them to escape their pres-ent troubles, and make new homes for themselves in this New World.

You must al-ways bear in mind, though, that for two hundred and fifty years after Co-lum-bus' first voyage across the At-lan-tic, nav-i-ga-tors were sailing from Eu-rope, hoping yet to find this same short route to

In-di-a, which he had hoped to find. The English sent John Cabot in search of it in 1500, but he did not find it. Then, the French, thirty-four years after, sent out the famous nav-i-ga-tor, Cartier, with a



JACQUES CARTIER.

com-mis-sion from Francis I., to look ev-er-y-where for this much de-sir-ed passage. He sailed around New Foundland, saw the fishing vessels on the banks, which for some years had been coming from Brit-tain-y to fish, and seeing great inlets of water all along the coast of Maine, he thought, per-

haps, some of these might be the very thing he was looking for.

The cold weather of the fall season, how-ev-er, coming on, Cartier did not think it safe to stay so far north any longer, and cap-tur-ing an In-di-an boy, turned the prow of his ship toward France.

Re-turn-ing to St. Malo in the fall, he told glowing stories of his dis-cov-er-ies, and greatly ex-cit-ed his coun-try-men and the King in favor of aiding him in an-oth-er ex-pe-di-tion.

The next spring, although the country was admitted to belong to Spain, Cartier was re-com-mis-sioned, and set out with three ships—the Great Her-mi-nia, the Little Her-mi-nia, and the Her-mer-ill-on. All the people of St. Malo—a port on the west coast of France—as-sem-bled on the 15th of May, 1535, to bid the bold captain and his crew good-bye. The priests blessed them, and their wives and friends kissed them many, many times; some thought, doubtless, for the last time.

Out of the harbor, with flying banners and loud huzzas, sailed the three ven-ture-some ships. When out upon the bil-low-y ocean they cast one fond look to the land they loved, unfurled their sails, and steered westward toward A-mer-i-ca. The largest ship was only about the size of a small sloop, and the smallest but forty tons burden. Think of such a ship on the wild At-lan-tic! No wonder the little tubs rolled, and pitched, and tumbled, upon the white tem-pest-u-ous waves, and that the sailors saw many a sor-row-ful day in that two-months' voyage; but at last the great Gulf was found, and the river leading into it dis-cov-er-ed. Cartier called it, "The Gulf and



AN IN-DI-AN FISHING EN-CAMP-MENT.

River of St. Lawrence," because he entered the first on St. Lawrence's day.

Still sailing down the great river, in a short time he reached a narrow part of the stream, and upon the lower shore, one morning, saw an In-dian village.

As his vessels sailed up the narrows the Indians caught sight of the ships. They had never seen a sailing ship, and called these coming toward them, "winged canoes."

After gazing at these airy things with feelings of wonder and awe, their Chief, Don-a-con-a, sprang into a birch canoe, and, followed by a fleet of twelve others containing twenty braves armed with spears, he paddled toward the ships. Ten of the canoes remained a short distance behind, while the Chief advanced and asked to know the purpose of Cartier's visit.

By the aid of the In-dian boy stolen on the first visit, the Chief was made to see that the French had come only on a mission of peace. This was all the Chief wished to hear, and Cartier moored his ships to the mouth of the St. Charles River for safe harbor.

The officers and crew soon landed, for we can well believe, after this long and laborious voyage they were glad to tread again the solid earth. When they had looked about a little, admired the native

forests, caught some fish, and killed some wild birds with their *ar-que-bus-es*—for they must have been very tired of the salted fare of the ships—the Chief, *Don-a-con-a*, paid them another visit; this time he was *ac-com-pa-ni-ed* by five hundred *war-ri-ors*.

The cause of this second warlike visit was soon *un-der-stood*. Cartier had heard of a larger Indian village only a few days' sail up the grand river, and *Don-a-con-a* knowing of his *in-tend-ed* visit to this village,



WILD TURKIES.

and wishing to keep the *pale-faces* with his tribe—having, perhaps, then, some idea of trade in his mind—was *de-ter-min-ed* to prevent it. He, no doubt, thought how many beaver, *wol-ver-ine*, grey fox and bear-skins, he could exchange with Cartier and his men for some of the fine clothes they had on.

Stad-a-con-a was the name of his town, and *Stad-a-con-a* was a thriving place in its chief's *o-pin-ion*. If, in truth, any gain was to be had from the visit,

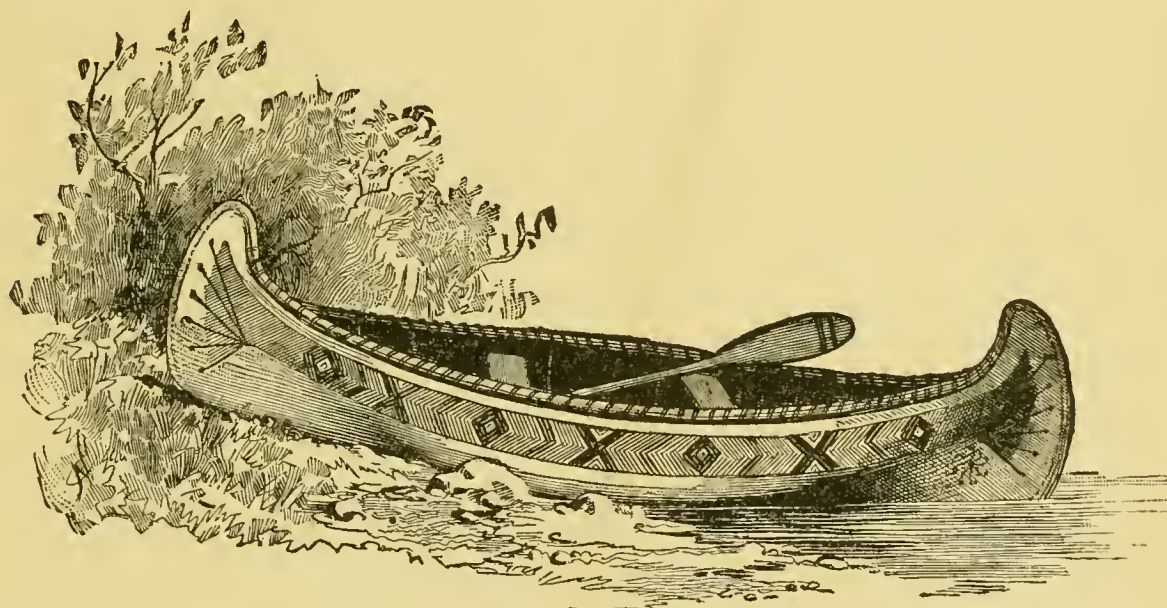
of these "winged ships," he wished his people to have it. Finding that his army did not impress Car-



DON-A-CON-A AND CARTIER.

tier with its mil-i-ta-ry im-port-ance, the Chief re-sort-ed to an-oth-er plan. Three In-di-ans were dressed in

black-and-white dog-skins, with horns as long as a man's arm at-tach-ed to their heads, their faces black-en-ed, and being put in a canoe were sent drifting toward Cartier's ships. They were to rep-re-sent the most ter-ri-ble of all the In-di-an evil spirits. Shriek-ing and moaning they floated on until near the ship.



IN-DIAN CA-NOE.

Now they flung their hairy arms in the air and made all sorts of hid-e-ous noises. Finding Cartier's sail-ors were not fright-en-ed to death, as they had ex-pect-ed they would be, they paddled back to their watching chief. When near the shore, the foolish red-skins fell flat upon their faces in the canoe, and were taken up as stiff as heavy sticks, and car-ri-ed away to the woods. The French could now hear them la-ment-ing, shouting and clam-or-ing over some

mournful event which seemed to have hap-pen-ed them. Some time after, one of the tribe again started for Cartier's ships, to warn him of the danger of at-tempt-ing to go any further up the river. "One of their gods," he said, "had just vis-it-ed Don-a-con-a, and told him all sorts of troubles would come upon the pale faces if their chief per-sist-ed in con-tin-u-ing his journey. Is not the same practice in fashion now-a-days between the people of rival towns?"

Well, Cartier only laughed at their childish play, and or-der-ed his in-ter-pret-er to tell them that "their god was an id-i-ot; that he could do no harm to those who be-liev-ed in Jesus Christ."

Without more ado, Cartier set sail with his flag-ship, on his in-tend-ed tour of dis-cov-er-y, leaving the two others behind. Before re-en-ter-ing the St. Lawrence River, to show the In-di-ans what mighty people the French were, he or-der-ed sev-er-al shots be fired from the ships cannon. This was enough to frighten them to death. These forest children thought the earth had indeed cracked open. The sound was louder than any thunder they had ever heard before. They now fully re-al-iz-ed that their Chief, Don-a-con-a, and all his tribe, could be sent to their far-away hunting grounds with only a few blows from that frightful im-ple-ment of war. A show of power often makes seeming friends, and so

it was with Don-a-con-a. He and his tribe made no further ob-jection to Cartier's journey, but bid him adieu with many bows and grunts and grave looks.

This pleased the French nav-i-ga-tor, because in leaving the two smallest ships still at anchor in



IN-DI-ANS DANCING ON SHORE.

the Charles River, he knew they would be safe. In the cool Sep-tem-ber weather Cartier sailed up the beau-ti-ful St. Lawrence River. Day after day he floated onward, dis-turb-ing with the prow of his little ship the flock of water fowl sporting upon its bosom, now and then stopping to gather the ripe clusters of grapes swinging in the bright sunshine on its banks,

or, at nightfall, lis-ten-ing to the sad notes of the whip-poor-will, and the many com-plain-ing insects seeking some quiet nook in which to sleep away the dark-en-ed hours of night.

When near the small lake in the river, now called St. Peter, about half way from what is now Mon-tre-al, Cartier was o-blig-ed—owing to the shal-low-ness of the water—to leave his flag-ship and take to his row-boats.

Reaching a large island in the river he was met by hundreds of In-di-ans, who had heard of his com-ing, no doubt, through their swift runners. They were shouting and dancing with all their might, to show their pleasure at Cartier's visit; they hur-ri-ed out in their canoes, and threw fish and corn into his boat. When night came on great fires were lighted along the shore, by which the ship's crew could see the sav-a-ges dancing. They heard them singing and hal-loo-ing through the whole night long.

CHAPTER III.

HOCH-E-LA-GA.

The next morning early, dressed in the fashion of Francis First's time, with glis-ten-ing helmet and

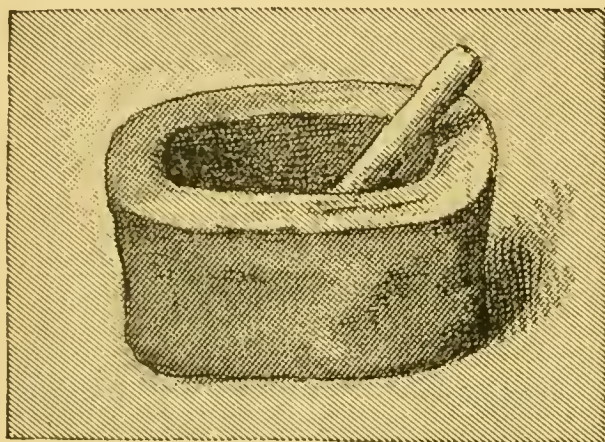
cuirass, burn-ish-ed swords and car-ry-ing queer look-ing guns in their hands, Cartier and his of-fi-cers landed, in-tend-ing to visit the village they had seen while passing up the river. They were met by an In-di-an Chief, with a number of his tribe, who greeted them with marks of profound respect, wished



to know why they had come to see him, etc. Guid-ing the nav-i-ga-tor and his much-be-span-gled men to an open space outside the village—a sort of par-ley-ing place—the Chief, as is done now-a-days, made a long speech to his vis-it-ors. The speech was full of wel-com-ing ex-press-ions, and in return for these Cartier gave them some knives, hatchets, and held out a cross for them to kiss. This the Chief did without hes-i-ta-tion.

Ev-er-y-thing being as it should be, there was no op-po-si-tion to Cartier's further progress, and the

march to the village was begun. He saw fields of ripe corn and pumpkins. Corn was the most handy grain the In-di-ans could have grown, had they known any other. They could bury it on leaving for their long winter hunts or scalping ex-pe-di-tions, and it would be just as good on their return as they had left it. I don't know what the In-di-ans would have done without their corn.



IN-DI-AN MORTAR TO POUND CORN IN.

Upon nearing the village Cartier saw it was sur-round-ed by upright logs placed close to-geth-er, which the French call-ed pal-i-sades. It was made of high trees, half burnt off, and then hewn down with their stone

axes. These logs were dragged to the place where the pal-i-sades were to be built. Holes were dug deep in the ground, and these logs set in three rows all around the village. Those on the outside and inside in-clin-ed toward their tops, and were fasten-ed to the upright middle ones by strong braces. Platforms were laid upon these braces upon which were laid great piles of round stones, to be used as missiles when at-tack-ed by other tribes. When we think what poor tools these sav-a-ges had to work

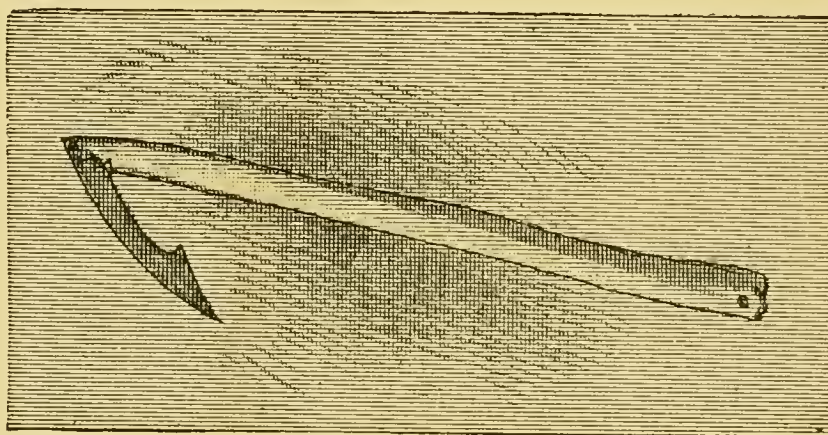
with, we must suppose it took them a long, long time to complete such a for-ti-fi-ca-tion.

Through a narrow o-pen-ing in the pal-i-sades Cartier and his men en-ter-ed the village. The houses within were about fifty in number, shaped like an egg, and built of bent poles cov-er-ed with the bark of trees.

Some of these houses were 150 feet long and 15 feet wide, many fam-i-lies living in one house.

Fires were found ev-er-y few feet apart,

where the dif-fer-ent fam-i-lies warmed themselves, and cooked their fish and game. There was no quar-rel-ling about places, food or clothing, we must believe, in such a house, and that all worked and lived to help each other. Their home-life was very peace-a-ble. The houses were built around an open space, or as we should call it, a little park or com-mon. Cartier and his men were here met by all the In-di-ans, squaws and children within the in-clo-sure. They shouted and jumped about in the wildest way. Some of the women came up shyly and touched the



IN-DI-AN FISH-HOOK.

of-fi-cers' mustaches and beards, and laughed a little. They were beside themselves with cu-ri-os-i-ty. Had these dazzling creatures dropped from the sun? How they ad-mir-ed them!

When as-sur-ed, from careful ex-am-in-a-tion, that they were, indeed, made of flesh and blood as they were, and could talk and eat and drink as they did, mats were brought by the squaws and the pale-faces were told to seat themselves. Four In-di-ans soon ap-pear-ed bearing their aged Chief upon a deer-skin, and placed him upon the ground at Cartier's feet. Taking from his head a chaplet of por-cu-pine quills bound with red, the old Chief handed it to the French of-fi-cer as a token of his tribe's friend-li-ness. Cartier ac-cept-ed the gift with many thanks.

In a few minutes all the lame, blind, sick and infirm In-di-ans in the village, were brought to Cartier to be touched, or to be given med-i-cine to cure them. Of course, he could not have cured them all had he had the med-i-cine chest of the ship with him, but he thought, no doubt, the next best thing to do was to read a chapter in the Bible, and this he did—they seeming to listen—after which he showed them all how to make the sign of the cross. This cer-e-mo-ny they did not then un-der-stand, but in after years they were all taught its sym-bol-ic mean-ing by the mis-sion-a-ry priests.

When about to leave Hoch-e-la-ga—the name of their village—the French war trum-pet-er blew a loud blast upon his bugle, which caused the In-di-ans the greatest a-maze-ment. The French were pressed to remain with their tribe, gifts of corn, beans and fish being of-fer-ed them in a-bun-dance. In leaving the village, through the same narrow o-pen-ing, Cartier and his men were fol-low-ed by a throng of women and children. He gave them presents, and then set about ex-plor-ing the island upon which Hoch-e-la-ga stood. As-cend-ing the high mountain just back of the village, Cartier was pleased with the view, and named the site *Mont-Royal*, now called Mon-tre-al.

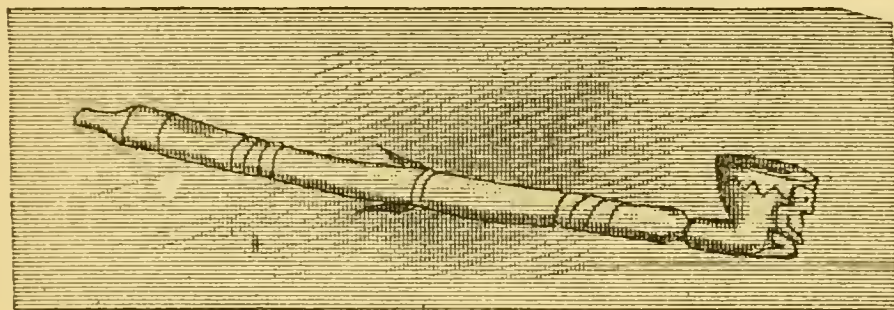
When Cartier re-turn-ed to Stad-a-con-a he found a fort had been e-rect-ed at the mouth of the St. Charles, by his men left behind.

Winter soon o-ver-took the voy-a-gers, and *such* a winter as they had never dreamed of; for how could the dwellers of “Sunny France” im-ag-ine men would wish to oc-cu-py a country where they would be com-pell-ed to wear the heav-i-est blankets seven months in the year; where their ships were cov-er-ed with ice and could not move from their moorings; where the snow was waist deep; no game to be found near enough to kill; no fish to be caught, and nothing but salt meat to eat! As the lonely hours of

the winter passed slowly away, many of the crew grew sick with that ter-ri-ble disease called scurvy. A great many died.

One day Cartier was walking along the river when he met an In-di-an whom he knew had been sick with the same disease, but had now, it ap-pear-ed, re-cov-er-ed. He in-quir-ed what had cured him, and found the rem-e-dy to be the branches of the

spruce tree, made into a strong tea. The French soon had gal-lons of this tea boiling, and began to drink



IN-DI-AN CARVED PIPE.

it that very day by the quart. They were all helped, and when spring had thawed out Cartier's three ships, he began to think about re-turn-ing to France. But what should he say? He could not say he had found the route to In-di-a, nor that the earth he had seen was full of gold, or that diamonds lay shining along the shores of its streams. This was what the King and the people who would come to welcome him would expect to hear.

The next best thing he could do would be to grat-i-fy their cu-ri-os-i-ty by showing them a live

chief with a troop of his braves. Ac-cord-ing-ly, Don-a-con-a and ten of his tribe were lured into the fort, when they were seized by the French soldiers, taken to the ships, and car-ri-ed off to Europe.

Five years after, in 1541, an-oth-er man, a noble-man named de la Rogue, but called Sieur de Ro-ber-val, after his estate, gained per-mis-sion of the King *to spend his own money* in fitting out an-oth-er ex-pe-di-tion to New France, as they called the coun-try Cartier had vis-it-ed. He was given the title of Lord of Hoch-e-la-ga, Can-a-da, Sag-u-en-ay, New Foundland, Lab-ra-dor, and many other places, by the King, although there was not a white man to rule over in his whole domain. He had five ships, and as the sailors who had been with Cartier told such ter-ri-ble stories about that cold, icy country, Ro-ber-val was com-pell-ed to visit the prisons of France to find men willing to man his ships and help make up his col-o-ny. The brave Cartier was again chosen to command the ex-pe-di-tion. He waited a whole year for the ships to be put in order, and at the end of this time, finding some of the cannon had not been put aboard, sailed with only a part of the fleet, leaving Ro-ber-val to follow when he was ready.

When Cartier again reached Stad-a-con-a—now called Quebec—and was o-blig-ed to tell the In-di-ans

he had not brought back their Chief, Don-a-con-a, and his war-ri-ors, the In-di-ans had a great mind not to let Cartier land, and told him as much; so he thought it best to sail up the river some distance, when he stopped at a point of land he called Cape Rouge. He built a fort here and named the place Charlesbourg. Then he went up to Hoch-e-la-ga, and there spent the winter, and then an-oth-er winter, always looking for Ro-ber-val and his ships to come with clothing and pro-vis-ions for his fam-ish-ing men. But they did not come, and Cartier, dis-cour-aged and angry, set sail for France. When putting into the harbor, now known as St. John's, he met his old friend and patron, Ro-ber-val, but would not return with him to Stad-a-con-a. He was so angry that he slipped off in the night and sailed for France. It would take too long and require too many pages to tell you of the other ad-ven-tur-ers, as they called these men in those days—though they did not mean what we now mean by the word—who sailed from France to the north of North A-mer-i-ca.

CHAPTER IV.

SAM-U-EL CHAMPLAIN.

From the time of Cartier's dis-cov-er-ies, how-ev-er, down to about 1600, very few ex-pe-di-tions were sent out from Europe to A-mer-i-ca, because the Spanish claimed the whole country. The Pope of Rome sanc-tion-ing this claim, the Cath-o-lic kings of England and France re-frain-ed from in-ter-fer-ing with this right.

But the few years before 1600, are known in his-to-ry as the years of great com-mer-cial ac-tiv-i-ty. Great com-pa-nies were formed for trade, and the purchase and set-tle-ment of distant lands.

The four Kings who helped these com-pa-nies, were those of England, France, Holland and Spain.

The Spaniards spent some years in the New World hunting for gold and precious stones; the Hol-land-ers came to trade with the natives; the



SAM-U-EL CHAMPLAIN.

Por-tu-guese to capture the In-di-ans for slaves; the English to supply themselves with to-bac-co, and the French to catch fish, and find cheaper furs for their ar-ti-sans. The Spaniards kept to the south of the country, the English and Hol-land-ers to the middle, while the French con-fin-ed themselves to the north and northwest. The mind of all Europe was fixed upon the New World at this time.

In the year 1588, there was a great quarrel going on in France between Henry III. and Henry of Navarre—a Pro-test-ant Prince, and af-ter-ward Henry IV., the first King of the House of Bourbon. Well, Henry III. was killed, and Henry of Navarre was told by the pow-er-ful nobles in France, if he would become a Cath-o-lic he could be made King of their country, and he con-sent-ed. At the close of the war, a Pilot-Gen-er-al of France was told to take back the ships to Spain, which had been sent to assist Henry of Navarre in his claims to the French throne. This Pilot-Gen-er-al had a nephew by the name of Champlain, who knew all about man-ag-ing a ship. He was told to take one of these ships to Mex-i-co, the Spaniards then being masters of the country.

While upon this voyage the young nav-i-ga-tor found out just what he was fit for. He could sail a ship, govern men, and write for the in-struc-tion of

the hungry world about the things he had seen. When he re-turned to France from Mex-i-co he had all the in-for-ma-tion the people craved, written out in a book, with maps and other aids to its clearness.

In 1603, Henry IV., who had been as-sist-ed in one of his battles by a no-ble-man named Aymar de Chastes, gave him the sole per-mis-sion to go and trade with the In-di-ans of New France. Two ship loads of men were eas-i-ly found to go, as it had been sixty-eight years since Cartier, on his return, had said, "There was nothing there but ice and sav-a-ges."

Now, as there are always places for men in this world who are pre-par-ed to fill them, who do you think of all the sea-far-ing men of Western France, was chosen to command this im-port-ant ex-pe-di-tion?

Sam-u-el Champlain!

He was born at a small town near the great sea-port of Rochelle, in 1567. His father was a sea-captain; but his son Sam-u-el had not only served his ap-pren-tice-ship on the sea, but he had also been in the army of France.

When Champlain's ships sailed up the St. Lawrence in 1603, guided by Cartier's charts, the In-di-an villages of Stad-a-con-a (or Quebec), and Hoch-e-la-ga (or Mont-Royal), had dis-ap-pear-ed. Not a pal-i-

sade was left standing to show where they had once stood.

A straggling tribe told him of many tribes of Indians to the far west of the great lakes and a great river, upon which they made their homes.

No doubt, Champlain now thought he was in the way of finding that long-sought for route to In-di-a;

but as he had little idea of the coldness of the climate, his men all suffered severely for the want of warm clothing.

When he returned to France in the spring, to buy the things people would need to settle in Can-a-da, he found De Chastes, his patron, had died. Now, he must find some one else who had money to spend in such an enterprise. He soon found him. His name



DE MONTS.

was De Monts. He was a man of many honors, and the King of France gave him all the land north of what is now Penn-syl-va-ni-a, for his col-o-ny. He called it A-ca-dia. He was to reap the profits of all

the fur trading in this large stretch of country. Nobody else was to be al-low-ed to shoot even a musquash. Of course there were other men who wished to trade, and so De Monts thought the eas-i-est way out of the dif-fi-cul-ty was to take them into his com-pa-ny.

The two ships were filled with all sorts of people, from a baron down to a prison convict. They sailed in April, 1604, and as the climate of the St. Lawrence was thought too cold for real settlers, the southern course was taken, and the first land they touched was Nova Scotia. Here De Monts found a ship load of furs, and as he and his com-pa-ny had the only right to shoot and trade with the In-di-ans, he took the ship, skins, pro-visions and all, and made the



PORT ROYAL.

traders work for him. That's the way the grand lords did in those days. The ships en-ter-ed the Bay of Funday, and finding a safe harbor the men landed. The landscape was so beau-ti-ful and all seemed so

sunny and in-vit-ing, that one of the gen-tle-men, name Pou-trin-court, asked De Monts to grant the spot to him. The Gov-ern-or was only too glad to do so. Pou-trin-court named the harbor and site, Port Royal. Of course, among people of such a dif-fer-ence in birth, there was a great dif-fer-ence in their ways of life. There were men who had never worked and men who had always worked; there were men who knew very much and men who knew almost nothing; there were Cath-o-lic priests and Hu-gue-nots in this little col-o-ny, and there was much quar-rel-ing among them. For ex-am-ple: One day in cruising about the Island-of Nova Scotia, some of the men took a small boat and landed at the southern end of the Pe-nin-su-la of Nova Scotia. After spending the day strolling through the forest, when night came on and they were ready to return to the ship, a young priest who had ac-com-pa-ni-ed them was no where to be found. They im-me-di-ate-ly ac-cus-ed a Hu-gue-not of the party of kill-ing him, and, although the poor man staunchly de-ni-ed it, all be-liev-ed him the mur-der-er, and left for the ship.

The young priest being tired and thirsty, it seemed, had stopped in his rambling to drink at a bubbling spring, and laying down his sword—ev-er-y man but a la-bor-er wore a sword in those times—

had gone away and for-got-ten it. Re-turn-ing to find it, he had lost his way. All night he wan-der-ed about in the lonesome woods, shouting in vain to his com-pan-ions. Was he, indeed, to be left here to die of star-va-tion, or worse yet, to be torn to pieces by wild beasts?

Sixteen days had passed when one of the men in-form-ed an of-fi-cer of the ship that he had seen something that looked just like silver in the rocks on the shore, and would like to go back and take a second look at them. Per-mis-sion was given. Their boat had hardly been fas-ten-ed to a rock on the shore when a low, sad sound was heard. Going to the spot from whence it came, they found the poor priest just alive, his body re-duc-ed to a skel-e-ton. Taking him up gently, they car-ri-ed him to the ship, and in a few weeks he was walking about again, to the great de-light of the Hu-gue-not, who, until the priest's rescue, was, in truth, con-sid-er-ed his mur-der-er.

At last it was de-cid-ed to start the col-o-ny on a small island at the mouth of the St. Croix River, the present boun-da-ry line between Maine and the Brit-ish Do-min-ion. A fort and bat-ter-y for placing the cannon was built, a town laid out, with a square in the middle, and a large house e-rect-ed for the Lord of the country, Sieur de Monts. Champlain and an-oth-er of-fi-cer also built themselves a house. The

soldiers and sailors soon finished a long, barn-like building, where they could dance and sing in bad weather, and then they went to work on a powder magazine, the commander keeping them busy through the winter to keep them from freezing to death, or dying of home-sickness. The town was called "L'Habitation de St. Croix."

The winter was so severe that the wine and cider brought from France, had to be cut with a hatchet. The drifting ice between the island and the main land, prevented them from getting sufficient wood, and cold and home-sick they began to grow really sick. Before spring, out of the seventy-nine men taken from France, thirty-five had died; so that the little graveyard of the "Habitation de St. Croix" held almost as many colonists as their wintry ships.

De Monts, and all that were left, were heartily sick of the site chosen for the settlement, and as soon as a ship could get out of the bay, himself, Champlain, and several others, with an Indian guide, set out in search of another spot. They cruised along the coast of Maine for two months; but finding no more inviting place, returned to Port Royal, Pou-trin-court's harbor, and decided to move everything from the "Habitation de St. Croix" to Port Royal. To be in readiness for the next winter, everybody was set immediately at work.

This set-tle-ment was the be-gin-ning of the A-ca-dia, which fur-nish-ed the poet Long-fel-low with the story of E-van-ge-line. It was planned and car-ri-ed out after the great seign-eu-ri-al orders of Europe—a lord being given a do-min-ion, of-fi-cers, men and workmen, to found a little kingdom in the New World, just like his master's over the water. Although this set-tle-ment was made upon a royal plan, it did not flourish as well as the set-tle-ment made by the Pilgrims a few years later, at Plymouth, Mass-a-chu-setts.

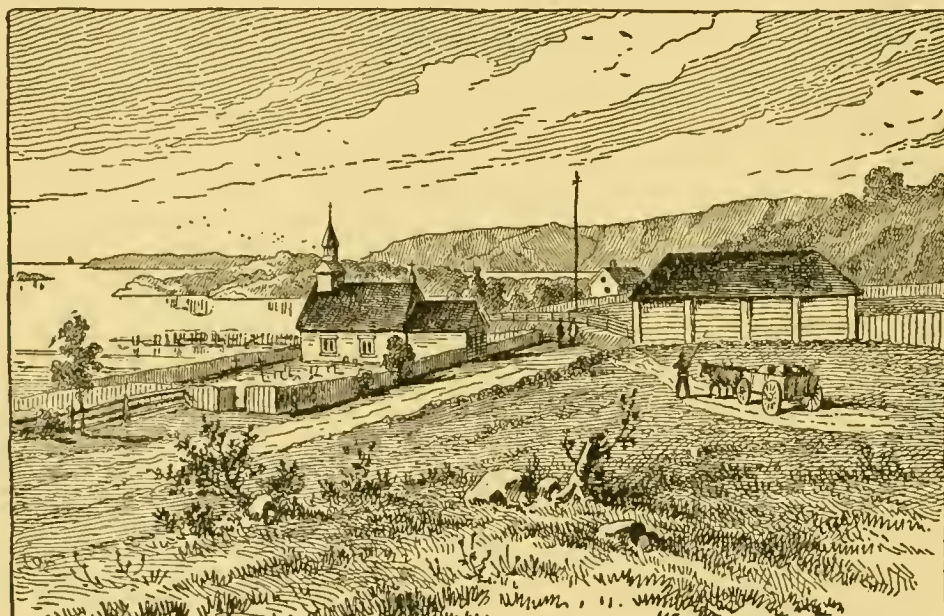
CHAPTER V.

CHAMPLAIN NEARING MICH-I-GAN.

I suppose you think it about time we were getting to Mich-i-gan, but you must re-mem-ber, in those days, a thousand miles was a greater distance, and took more time to travel it than it does now to go around the world—twenty-five thousand miles. So I must ask you to con-tin-ue to follow the French soldier, nav-i-ga-tor, mis-sion-a-ry and statesman, up the St. Lawrence River, on his voy-a-ges of dis-cov-er-y.

A-ca-dia had not proven en-tic-ing enough to

keep Champlain there. He wished to know more about the great northwest; about that passage to In-di-a! To France he had gone for men and ships to aid him, for you must know an ex-pe-di-tion of dis-cov-er-y costs a great deal of money, and the expense is gen-er-al-ly borne by a com-pa-ny. Champlain seems to have had the courage to ask for what



TAD-U-SAC, THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AFTER
CHAMPLAIN'S VISIT.

he needed, and always for-tu-nate in finding numbers of persons who be-liev-ed in his cause, to the extent of fur-nish-ing him with all the money he wanted. Two ships were fitted out, and the un-daunt-ed ex-plor-er set sail from Honfleur, April, 1608. Over the At-lan-tic he went with all speed, steering his ships again for the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Passing Tad-u-sac, where a few In-di-ans fished in summer, he reached a point of land shaded by large walnut trees, and where many wild grape-vines hung from the dead branches of maple trees, and he decided to start his set-tle-ment here.

The In-di-ans of Cartier's time called it Stad-a-con-a; they now called it "Quibo," or Quebec—supposed to mean, "narrows in the river." Here he built a fort of logs, high up on a cliff, and dug a moat inclosing three houses. He laid out a garden, in which he planted ev-er-y kind of veg-e-ta-ble then eaten in France. He, also, started a small vineyard, and set out rose-bushes about his log-house door. When not oth-er-wise en-gag-ed, he was found working in his garden. Outside of the moat he com-pell-ed the sailors and his men to clear a piece of ground, upon which they sowed wheat, rye and barley. Thus, you see, that Champlain was a true col-o-niz-er, as well as soldier and sailor. He exper-i-ment-ed with the soil to see what could be best grown in that cold climate, while most of the other men who had been granted great patents of land, only thought of what could be taken out of the country to sell in France. They traded with the In-di-ans, and only thought of making themselves com-fort-a-ble while com-pell-ed to stay in the New World. This was the third per-ma-nent set-tle-ment made in

the New World—Port Royal in 1604, Jamestown, by the English, in 1607. Champlain thought by christian-iz-ing the In-di-ans, and making them in-dus-tri-ous and kind-hearted, he would have no en-e-mies to bar his pro-gress to the far-off lakes of which



THE SCALP DANCE.

he had heard, and where he still hoped to find that water passage to In-di-a! To further this end, he made friends with the In-di-ans, and when two tribes, the Hurons and Al-gon-quins, wished him to aid

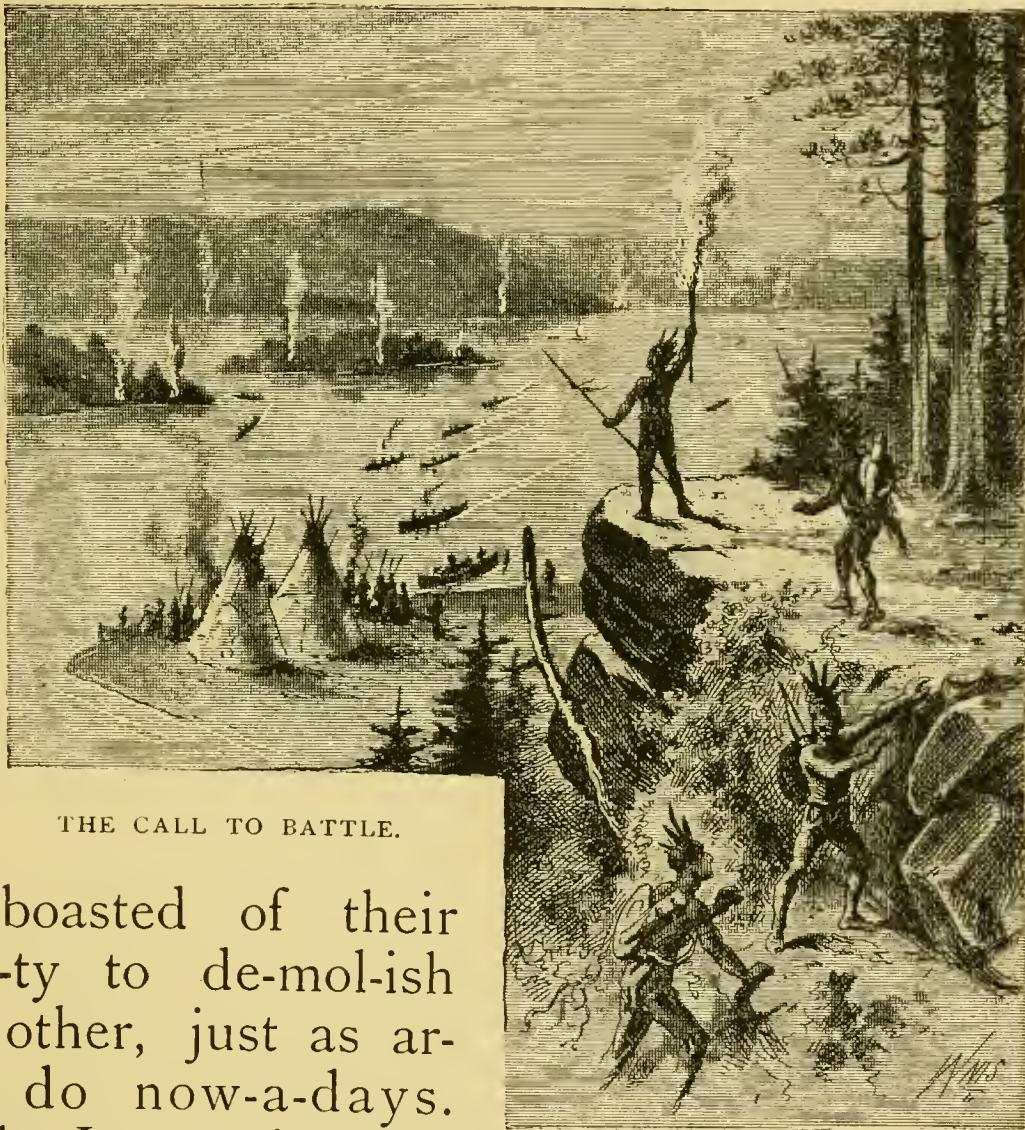
them in giving battle to the I-ro-quois, their most ter-ri-ble en-e-mies, he will-ing-ly con-sent-ed.

This queer battle I must tell you about, because it was the first fought in the country north of Flor-i-da, in which some of the con-tend-ing In-di-an tribes were helped by white men.

On the 28th of May, 1609, after wit-ness-ing a mag-nif-i-cent war-dance en-gag-ed in by the Hurons and Al-gon-quins, Champlain sailed down the St. Lawrence in his shallop, with twelve men, all armed with ar-que-bus-es, his small boat fol-low-ed by twenty-four canoes, con-tain-ing sixty In-di-an war-ri-ors. Crossing Lake St. Peter, in the St. Lawrence River, they en-ter-ed the Rich-e-lieu River, and sailed along its wooded shores, the In-di-ans stopping on the way to hunt and fish to supply their daily food. The In-di-ans, unlike our modern war-ri-ors, did not en-cum-ber themselves with a lux-u-ri-ous com-mis-sa-ry de-part-ment. It must have been a funny ex-pe-ri-ence for Champlain, who had seen battles fought in France, where armies, ac-com-pa-ni-ed by martial music, marched in solid masses to attack their en-e-mies, to see these naked war-ri-ors darting through the woods to spear a deer, or sitting upon the river's bank with a bone fish-hook sup-ply-ing themselves with a trout breakfast. Thus they passed the month of June; but, after en-ter-ing the basin con-tain-ing the

nu-mer-ous islands at the head of the lake to which Champlain, at this time, gave his name, he grew im-pa-tient at these long delays, and sailed on with his shallop without his savage army. Hearing the roaring of water he landed, and passing along the shore soon saw the white foam of a dan-ger-ous water-fall. He saw he could not pass it with his small ship, and re-turn-ing, scolded the In-di-ans roundly, through an in-ter-pret-er, for de-ceiv-ing him. But im-ag-ine Champlain's pleasure and surprise, when he saw twenty-four of these stalwart fellows, each take a canoe upon his head, and with a bound, start through the forest to find a spot beyond the falls where it would be safe to re-im-bark. Fol-low-ing them, with his gun, Champlain and his men were at the landing some time after the In-di-ans. When they had entered the lake again they thought it dan-ger-ous to row in the day time; so it was de-cid-ed to sleep days and sail nights. Champlain says, they lolled under the shady forest trees, smoking, telling funny stories, and cooking their fish and game during the day; but as soon as the sun had sunk behind the hills, they leaped into their canoes and rode down the lake as fast as their paddles could fly. One night, after passing what is now called Crown Point, they spied a large flo-til-la of canoes, which they soon found out be-long-ed to the I-ro-quois. As soon as these two

In-di-an navies had dis-cov-er-ed each other, they all stood up in their canoes, and set up the most hid-e-ous war-cries. All night they hal-loo-ed, ban-ter-ed,



THE CALL TO BATTLE.

and boasted of their a-bil-i-ty to de-mol-ish each other, just as armies do now-a-days. But the I-ro-quois num-ber-ed over two hundred, while Champlain's forces, French and In-di-ans to-gether, were not over sev-en-ty.

During the night the I-ro-quois landed a part of their men, whom Champlain could see throwing up breast-works, behind which to hide themselves when the battle should begin. By daylight all the I-ro-quois had landed, and lashing their canoes together with wythes, they were ready for the attack, as soon as the sun should rise. Champlain and his officers now dressed themselves in the long stockings, short skirt, steel breast-plate, back-piece, and the plumed hats of the French officers' uniform of the period. From a band crossing the breast was suspended good-sized ammunition boxes, "while from their sides hung each his trusty sword."

Loading his arque-buse with four balls, Champlain ordered his French crew to keep hidden in the bottom of their canoes until he called upon them for action.

The Hurons and Algon-quins, under the command of an Indian Chief, landed at some distance from the breast-works of the I-ro-quois. This was a signal for the I-ro-quois to come out and give them battle. "They advanced," says Champlain, "with a coolness and steadiness, which excited his admiration."

The Hurons and Algon-quins now called for Champlain in loud cries, at the same time opening their ranks for him to pass to the front. When the

I-ro-quois saw the glis-ten-ing steel armor, plumed casque, sword and ar-que-buse of Champlain and his men, they stared at them in mute a-maze-ment; but when the com-mand-er raised his gun, and a chief fell dead, and at the second shot an-oth-er, and an-oth-er, the I-ro-quois, thinking an evil spirit had



CHAMPLAIN'S AR-QUE-BUSE.

de-scend-ed from the clouds to aid their en-e-mies, fired a volley of arrows into their ranks, after which, swiftly turning about, they fled in ev-er-y di-rec-tion. The Hurons and Al-gon-quins fol-low-ed, killing ev-er-y I-ro-quois they could not catch—and an In-di-an had rather be killed outright, in those times, than be taken, because he then es-cap-ed being tort-ur-ed and burnt alive.

The vic-to-ry was complete, and Champlain's won-der-ful gun had gained it! The allies took the canoes, weapons, and ev-er-y-thing be-long-ing to the I-ro-quois, and after a great cel-e-bra-tion, in which a pris-on-er was cru-el-ly burnt alive—very much against Champlain's en-treat-ies—all re-turn-ed to their homes, thinking the brave “white face” the greatest and best being that had ever vis-it-ed the earth.

After this vic-to-ry, Champlain per-mit-ted one of his men, named Nich-o-las de Vigan, to ac-com-pany the Hurons to their homes at the foot of the Geor-gi-an Bay. He heard no more of him until nearly three years after, when, being in Paris in the in-ter-est of his little col-o-ny, he was in-form-ed that Monsieur de Vigan had re-turn-ed to France, and more than that, had made the most val-u-a-ble dis-cov-er-y of all the nav-i-ga-tors sent out of Europe. He in-form-ed the court of-fi-cials that “he was, in-deed, the most worthy of all the ex-plor-ers;” for, said he, “I have found the source of the Ot-ta-wa River to be a great lake, which, after crossing, I en-ter-ed an-oth-er large river flowing north. De-scend-ing this river I came to the sea-shore, where I saw the wreck of an English ship rotting at the water's edge; the crew having es-cap-ed, doubtless, only to be tom-a-hawk-ed by the In-di-ans; and this sea was

only sev-en-teen days, by canoe, from Mon-tre-al." This was happy news to Champlain. At last, the great water passage to In-di-a had been found!

Champlain was urged, by the court, to set sail im-me-di-ate-ly, as ships and money were at his service. This was just what he had longed to do.

Re-turn-ing to Quebec, Champlain, with de Vi-guan, an In-di-an guide, and three Frenchmen to help paddle, em-bark-ed in two small birch canoes for this "North Sea." En-ter-ing the Ot-ta-wa River they sailed until the swift rapids of Car-ill-on and Long-Sault stopped their course. Now they were o-blig-ed to walk along the shore holding their canoes by a strong cord. Champlain's arm was almost broken in trying to keep the canoe from going off in the strong current.

For days they paddled and paddled, and car-ri-ed their canoes over the port-a-ges, Champlain hardly stopping to rest, so anxious was he to see this great northern ocean, which dis-cov-er-y was to change the whole commerce of the world. Fre-quent-ly his men planted great crosses of white cedar along the river's bank, for Champlain was a very good Cath-o-lic, and wished to have all the In-di-ans brought into the true Cath-o-lic church. After ex-pe-ri-enc-ing great danger they ar-riv-ed at the country of the Al-gon-quins, the allies of the Hurons. This spot is about half

way from the mouth of the Ot-ta-wa to Lake Nip-is-sing. Landing, they were sur-round-ed by the In-di-ans, and a solemn feast was given Champlain by the wel-com-ing Chief, Tes-sau-at. After smok-ing awhile, Champlain asked for guides and four canoes to take him to the country of the Nip-is-sings. The Chief looked sad, and re-plied:

“They will kill you!”

But Champlain as-sur-ed them he was not afraid; that de Viguan had been there, and did not find this tribe “so cruel!”

“Nich-o-las,” ex-claim-ed the as-ton-ish-ed Chief, turning to de Viguan, “did you say you had been to the Nip-is-sings?”

“Yes,” re-plied Nich-o-las, coolly; “I have been there.”

Here-up-on the In-di-ans cried out all to-geth-er—

“You are a liar!”

“You know very well,” added the Chief, “that you slept here among my children ev-er-y night, and rose again ev-er-y morning;” and then quickly point-ing to Champlain, he con-tin-u-ed: “He ought to kill you with tortures worse than those with which we kill our en-e-mies.”

The weary and heart-sore Champlain, at this, was struck dumb with a-maze-ment. He took de Vi-guan aside, and said sor-row-ful-ly: “If you have

de-ceiv-ed me, confess it now, and the past shall be for-giv-en you. But, persist, and you shall be hanged if what you have said is not the truth." Falling upon his knees, the trembling culprit begged for mercy. Although Champlain was in a rage, and or-der-ed the fal-si-fi-er from his presence, he vis-it-ed upon him no further pun-ish-ment.

Dis-ap-point-ed and thor-ough-ly mor-ti-fied, Champlain joined a fleet of forty canoes bound for Que-bec on a trading ex-pe-di-tion, and reached his small col-o-ny about the middle of June, so thin and jaded that his Lieu-ten-ant, whom he had put in command during his absence, hardly knew him. He was almost a-sham-ed to meet the of-fi-cers of the court in France again, after his failure to find the road to China; but go he must, for his col-o-ny needed many things they could not find in the wil-der-ness.

While Champlain was in France he told the people how much the In-di-ans needed in-struc-tion in re-li-gion, and how their ad-vance-ment in civ-il-i-za-tion would help the fur trade of France. His appeal for money to buy the vestments, the candles and or-na-ments for the altars which were to be e-rect-ed in his far-off chapels, was an-swer-ed on the spot by a gen-er-ous sub-scrip-tion of nearly three hundred dollars. Champlain, with four priests and more col-o-nists, left France in 1615. When the

In-di-ans of Que-bec first saw the priests with their long cloth skirts, tied around the waist with a strong cord, and their bare feet cov-er-ed with wooden sandals, they were greatly sur-pris-ed.

After se-lect-ing a site for a convent, the priests and all the people of Quebec knelt on the bare ground, and the first mass ever said in Can-a-da was cel-e-bra-ted by Father Dolbeau. After the mass it was de-cid-ed to send one of the priests to the Hurons. Father Le Caron was chosen, and started for Mon-tre-al, where many of the tribe then were on their yearly trading ex-pe-di-tions.

They did not wish to take the priest, but fi-nal-ly con-sent-ed. He was soon fol-low-ed by Champlain, who sailed up the Ot-ta-wa River, crossed the port-age to Lake Nip-is-sing, from there to the Geor-gi-an Bay, down its west shore until the harbor of Match-e-dash was reached. Se-cur-ing his canoe, he soon found himself walking through small patches of corn, pumpkin vines and sun-flowers, ri-pen-ing in the warm autumn sun. The corn was roasted on the ear for him as a del-i-ca-cy; the pumpkins baked in the hot ashes, and the sun-flower seeds were pressed for the oil, which was be-liev-ed by the In-di-ans to be good for his hair. This journey, which took Champlain nearly two months to make, is now made in a day.

The present site of Col-ling-wood, Can-a-da, is sup-pos-ed to be the ground oc-cu-pi-ed by the Hu-rons at that time, and the place sup-pos-ed to have been vis-it-ed by Champlain. This was as near as he came to Mich-i-gan.

I should take delight in fol-low-ing with you the career of this great col-o-niz-er; to take you with him on an-oth-er ex-pe-di-tion against the I-ro-quois, and to show you the self-sac-ri-fic-ing life he led in Can-a-da for thirty years; but my space is lim-it-ed, and so you must find the rest of the story in Francis Park-man's ex-cel-lent works.

CHAPTER VI.

IG-NA-TIUS LOY-O-LA.

The course of the fur-trade took the route of the Ot-ta-wa River, so that the waters sep-a-ra-ting Mich-i-gan into two parts were first en-ter-ed by the French traders on their way westward; but they were not the first settlers. These were priests.

I will now give you a short his-to-ry of the founder of the re-li-gious order to which most of them be-long-ed, so that you may see how well they fol-low-ed the ex-am-ple of their teacher. There are in the

Cath-o-lic church sev-er-al orders or as-so-ci-a-tions of un-mar-ri-ed men, formed to do the mis-sion-a-ry, the char-it-a-ble, the ed-u-ca-tion-al and hos-pit-al work of the church. Some of these orders were es-tab-lish-ed as far back as 200 A. D. Paul of Thebes founded a mon-as-ter-y at the mouth of the Nile in Egypt, in the year 340 A. D.

The best known of these orders are the Ben-e-dic-tines—one of their priests coming across the At-lan-tic with Co-lum-bus, on his second voyage—the Fran-cis-cans, some of their order ac-com-pa-ny-ing Champlain to Can-a-da in 1615, and later, the Do-min-i-cans and Jes-u-its. Of this last order we know the most con-cern-ing their work in the north and northwest of A-mer-i-ca. Their founder was a Span-ish no-ble-man, born in his father's castle, Loy-o-la, Spain, in the year 1491, just a year before Co-lum-bus sailed for the New World, and ten years after Luther was born.

He was named Ig-na-tius, and when very young was made page at the Spanish court of Fer-di-nand, the Cath-o-lic. He wore ev-er-y day a splendid suit of rich velvet and silk, trimmed with gold, and his armor glit-ter-ed like the stars with precious gems. When old enough, he en-ter-ed the army of the pow-er-ful Em-per-or of Ger-ma-ny and Spain—Charles the Fifth. While fighting the French, at the bat-tle

of Pam-pe-lu-na, in 1521, he was wounded in both legs from a cannon shot. The one broken had been un-skill-ful-ly set, which the proud young soldier, when nearly well, com-mand-ed the surgeon to break again and re-set. This done, a bone near the knee was found to be too long. He had it sawed off without a groan. When that had been rem-e-di-ed, the leg, alas, was found to be too short to walk on eas-i-ly. The brave and handsome young courtier then saw that he was hope-less-ly de-form-ed. What a blow to his hopes!

As he lay upon a sick bed for months, tired of ev-er-y-thing he had for-mer-ly loved, he began to read the lives of the early church fathers. Their un-sel-fish de-vo-tion to the cause of the weak, the poor and the sick, touched his heart. He could never again join his King's army, but he could join the army of his God, and this he re-solv-ed to do.

When able to leave the castle of his father, he set out on a short journey to visit his old in-struct-or and com-pan-ion in camp—Manrique. While riding his horse over the hills and vales to Nav-a-re-ta he turned and gave one long, fond, farewell look to the home of his youth. From that moment the pale, sad knight gave up fam-i-ly, home and friends, and bound himself to a life of pov-er-ty, chas-ti-ty, pain, self-de-ni-al and reproach.

Reaching his teacher, he sent his servants back to the castle, and soon after started for the monastery of Mont-ser-rat, where he passed the most of three days upon his knees, praying and weeping.

Strength-en-ed in his resolve to serve God with all his heart and soul, Ig-na-tius left the mon-as-ter-y, and meeting a beggar soon after, per-suad-ed him to exchange clothes with him. The beggar thought the pale courtier was at-tempt-ing a bit of fun with him, no doubt, or was in-volv-ed in some un-law-ful intrigue. The Knight, how-ev-er, re-tain-ed his sword, and seeking a shrine of the Virgin Mary, spent the night upon his knees, before it. When he arose to his feet in the morning he hung his sword upon the altar, and began his day by begging his bread from door to door, and to preach against the teachings of the her-e-tics of the time, as they were called. In 1523, he had written a won-der-ful book called "Spir-it-u-al Ex-er-cis-es," for which he re-ceiv-ed the Pope's blessing.

Ig-na-tius now wished to visit the Holy Land to try to convert the Turks. While he was at Je-ru-sa-lem, he was sent for to coun-ter-act the her-e-sies of Luther, Me-lanc-thon, and Zwingle.

When he reached Europe again, he saw that his ed-u-ca-tion was in-suf-fi-cient to meet the learned ar-gu-ments of these re-form-ers, so that we find this

won-der-ful man, at the age of thirty-four, stud-y-ing Latin with little children at the Grammar School of Bar-ce-lo-na. During this time he preached, vis-it-ed the sick, and com-fort-ed the poor. He was ar-rest-ed and thrown into prison, because some said he was a ma-gi-cian. After many weeks he was lib-er-a-ted, and told to preach no more “nov-el-ties.” To this he an-swer-ed: “He was not aware that preaching Jesus Christ was a nov-el-ty.”

Fearing for his lib-er-ty, he turned his steps to-ward France. At the age of thirty-seven, alone, in mid-winter, he walked from Spain to Paris. Here he preached, vis-it-ed hos-pit-als, and stud-i-ed. In 1534, six en-thu-si-asts—among them the af-ter-ward famous Xavier—joined him to form a re-li-gious order gov-ern-ed by a mil-i-ta-ry code. “The So-ci-e-ty of Jesus,” was the name given. The members were to forget self, and do the will of the Gen-er-al of the order. It was to be an army of de-vo-ted mis-sion-a-ries, fin-ish-ed scholars, pol-ish-ed gen-tle-men—in other words, Chris-tian men of the world, or the Im-i-ta-tors of the Life of Christ. The order was sanc-tion-ed by the Pope in 1540, and Ig-na-tius took up his res-i-dence at Rome, where he re-main-ed fifteen years, Gen-er-al of the order. He died in 1556 at the age of sixty-five. The priests of this order are called Jes-u-its.

CHAPTER VII.

JES-U-IT MIS-SIONS.

The youths wishing to join the Jes-u-it order were o-blig-ed to pass a very rigid ex-am-in-a-tion. Only those of great nat-u-ral in-tel-li-gence, and who were thor-ough-ly im-press-ed with the ho-li-ness of their work, were ac-cept-ed. Having become a member, years of study fol-low-ed, after which came years of toil and hardship.

About sixty years after Loy-o-la's death, the Jes-u-its began to take great in-ter-est in mis-sion-a-ry work. They col-lect-ed money, gained the support of the King of France, and in 1625 sent some of their priests to New France. In their life in Can-a-da and Maine, they lived aloof from the whites, their missions being lo-ca-ted in the midst of In-di-an vil-la-ges. They knew they could only win the hearts of the red men by living as they did, eating and sleeping as they ate and slept. But they suf-fer-ed untold hardships. Used to the re-fine-ments of civ-il-iz-ed nations, gentle and polite in manner, un-ac-cus-tom-ed to a cold climate, their lives gave ev-i-dence of their loy-al-ty to the Christian cause. Over the waters of un-ex-plor-ed rivers and tur-bu-lent lakes,

they sailed, bare-foot, lest their shoes should injure the canoes; often wading whole days along the river banks, pushing and pulling their boats over swift rapids, with no food but corn, crushed between two stones, wet with water, and now and then a little fish and game; or, in winter, day by day, wading through the deep snow and rain to visit distant Huron villages, that the sav-a-ges might hear the good tidings of Christ's mission to men on earth. Such cares and labor filled up the measure of their lives. The Indians with whom the French allied themselves—the Al-gon-quin tribes—received the Jes-u-its very kindly, and appeared to listen to the priests sent among them with interest, especially after some of the order were able to speak the Indian language. This was a long and arduous task, as the different tribes used different dialects.

The French, under Champlain, as you remember, had made fierce enemies of the Indians south of Lake Erie, called the Five Nations, or I-ro-quois. A Frenchman, priest or trader, that happened to fall into the hands of an I-ro-quois band, was shown no mercy.

The first missionary sent to the Hurons who remained to preach permanently, was Father Brebeuf, of the Jes-u-it order. "He was a nobleman by birth and nature," says a recent writer. Hand-

some, portly and tall, brave, proud and just—a soldier in ev-er-y qual-i-ty.

The I-ro-quois had con-stant-ly on hand wars with the Al-gon-quins. A hundred braves would as-sem-ble at Lake Erie, leap into their canoes and attack some near tribe, burn its village, take captives, and carry away what-ev-er pro-vis-ions had been ac-cu-mu-la-ted for winter.

Upon one of these ex-cur-sions, St. Louis, the name of Brebeuf's mission, was burnt. The helpless Father was taken by the mad sav-a-ges, stripped and bound to an as-so-ci-ate priest named Lalemant, and driven three miles to an-oth-er mission. Here they were met by others of the braves, who beat them with sticks and clubs as they passed into the lodge. They were then bound to stakes, as were the other captives present. Seeing some of his Huron converts about him, Brebeuf urged them to look to Heaven for res-ig-na-tion. For this the tor-tur-ing I-ro-quois seized burning brands, and scorched him from head to foot. And still he con-tin-u-ed to exhort all about him to put their trust in God. For this, his under lip was cut away. Still the Father—now fifty years old—stood erect and showed no sign of pain. This en-rag-ed the sav-a-ges. Lalemant was now taken, and strips of bark cov-er-ed with pitch tied to his naked body. The bark was then

set fire to, and as the flames en-cir-cled his head he called out in ag-o-niz-ing tones to Brebeuf. This aged priest was then taken, and a collar of hot hatchets hung about his neck, and still he re-main-ed



LALEMANT TIED TO THE STAKE.

un-mov-ed. While suf-fer-ing these torments, a ren-e-gade Huron cried out: "Let the priest have some hot water; we have had enough of his cold water." In-stant-ly the kettle was hung over the fire, and as soon as hot, these dying priests were bap-tiz-ed with

its scalding contents. As though rendered insensible to pain by his heavenly zeal, Brebeuf never flinched or uttered a cry of anguish under this terrible ordeal.

Dying, his body was cut to pieces and eaten, and the blood of his heart drank, in the hope of inspiring themselves with the same courage shown by this indomitable priest.

Later, in 1642, another Jesuit missionary, named Jogues, and who had labored in the same Indian village with the brave Brebeuf, started to Quebec for supplies. Two other priests and a few Hurons accompanied him. While sailing down the St. Lawrence River, they were met by another murderous band of I-ro-quois, who, taking the whole party on shore, immediately burnt the Hurons, saving the priests for prolonged torture. In the excitement of the attack, one of the Fathers had raised his gun and shot an I-ro-quois. There-upon, the infuriated savages rushed upon him, tore off his fingers with their teeth, and ran a spear through his hand. Throwing himself, shrieking, upon the neck of Father Jogues, who attempted to shield him, an Indian caught the hand of the Father and chewed his fingers off in the same manner.

For thirteen days the tortured men were made to follow the I-ro-quois on their journey home. Upon

nearing a Mohawk village, some of the band hurried on to announce the arrival of the white captives. They were first made to run the gauntlet before entering. Covered with blood, when night came they were thrown upon their backs, and their arms and legs bound to stakes. One had his thumb sawed off with a clam-shell, it taking the woman forced to commit the cruel deed, all day to accomplish it. This same priest was killed some time after, because he was detected in making the sign of the cross upon the forehead of a sick Indian child.

Jogues was held in captivity for nearly a year by the I-ro-quois, who compelled him to cut and bring their wood, and to perform all sorts of menial work for their squaws. The braves taking him to Albany on one of their trading expeditions, he was helped to escape to France by a Hollander named Van Curler. When the Queen saw his poor, mutilated hand, she took it in hers and kissed it through her tears.

Another most worthy Jesuit was Father Rasles. His first mission was among Indians of the West. Being a very successful priest, he was sent to Acadia, to the Indian village of Norridge-wock, now in Maine. He showed his forest children how to build a chapel, and being a painter, he decorated

its in-te-ri-or with many sacred pictures, which proved very ef-fect-ive as il-lus-tra-tions of his re-li-gious teachings.

He taught them that the ter-ri-ble self-tor-ture

that some tribes prac-tic-ed, was not pleasing to their Great Spirit, nor to the God of the white man. He told them that they must work, dig, and raise corn, and catch fish enough, to keep them in food during the long winters of A-ca-dia. They loved him very much, and were never so happy as when their good father would consent to ac-com-pa-ny them on their tiresome hunting ex-cur-sions.

With this tribe he lived nearly thirty years,

often spending days with only a few kernels of parched corn or acorns to eat, but always con-tent-ed and busy; for the welfare of his mission was his only



AN IN-DI-AN A-TONE-MENT.

thought in life. He was killed by a party of two hundred men under command of Captains Harmon and Moulton, sent by the Mass-a-chu-setts' colonists to destroy the mission. They came to the village while the In-di-ans were away, and suddenly



DEATH OF RASLES.

firing upon the women and children, many of them rushed into the river and were drowned, or shot while in the water. Their aged priest was killed, and his scalp carried to Boston with that of the Chief, Bom-ba-zin. Upon opening Father Rasles' "strong box"—which had been taken before the

mas-sa-cre—a dic-tion-a-ry of the Nor-ridge-wock language was found, upon which the priest had been



MON-U-MENT TO RASLES.

at work for thirty years. He had taught some of the In-di-ans to write, and could hold a cor-re-spond-ence with them in their own language.

Some fifty years ago, Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, pur-chas-ed an acre of ground on the spot where the old chapel stood—at the junction of the Ken-ne-bec and Sandy River—and e-rect-ed thereon a granite ob-e-lisk, nearly twenty feet high, to the mem-o-ry of the noble old priest.

The only excuse the col-o-nists. gave for burning his church, shooting him down like a dog, and de-stroy-ing and scat-ter-ing the Nor-ridge-wock tribe, was, that the priest had en-cour-ag-ed the In-di-ans to make dep-re-da-tions on the English settlers along the sea-coast, and rivers of New England. Father Rasles came to Can-a-da in 1689, and was sixty-six years old when shot at “Old Point.”

These were some of the sac-ri-fi-ces made by the Jes-u-its in the early set-tle-ment of the North, East and West of A-mer-i-ca.

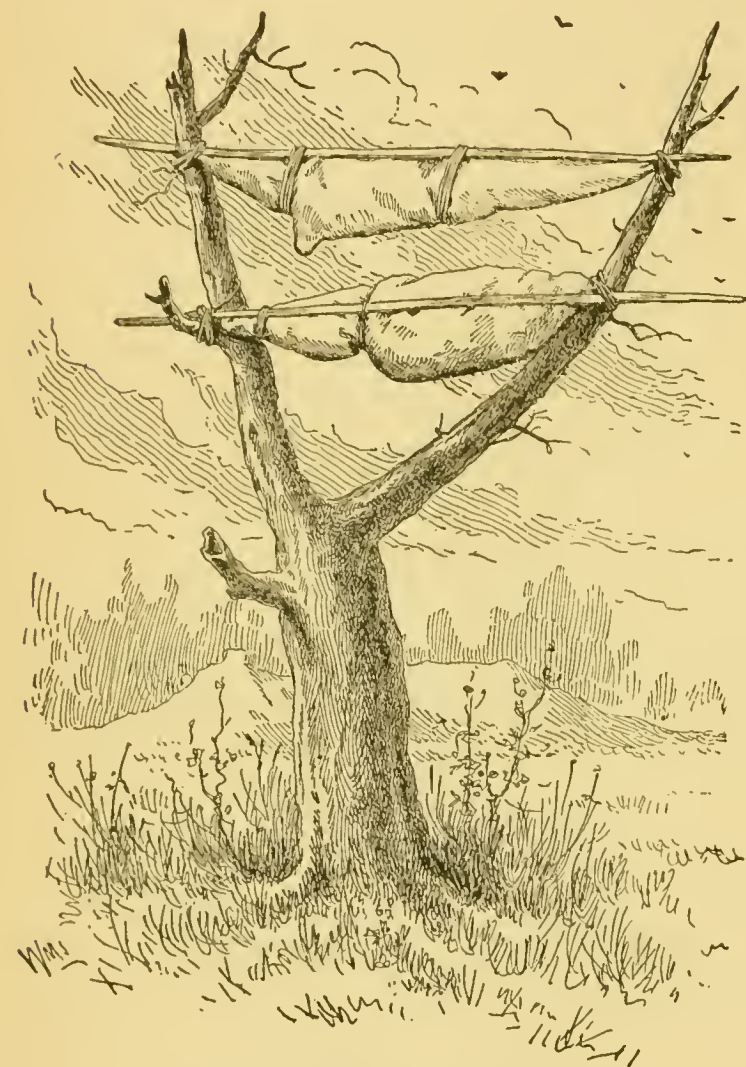
CHAPTER VIII.

DIS-COV-ER-IES OF MICH-I-GAN.

The first white men to set foot on what is now a part of the soil of Mich-i-gan, were two Jes-u-it priests—Father Raymbault and the tor-tur-ed Jo-gues. A year before the latter's capture by the I-ro-

quois, these un-tir-ing zealots started from the Huron mission—es-tab-lish-ed by Father Brebeuf—and sailed north the whole length of the Geor-gi-an Bay.

For sev-en-teen long days they paddled their canoe over its high waves. Bruised, weary, hungry and half sick, they found themselves on the sev-en-teenth day en-ter-ing a group of islands. Threading their way, they soon came to the mouth of a river which they named the St. Marie. Pro-ceed-ing up the river they came to a high water-fall which they called Sault St. Marie. Here they found an In-di-an village con-

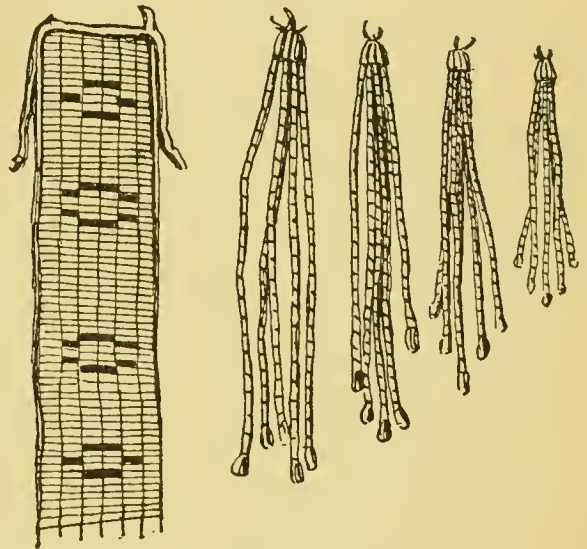


IN-DI-AN MODE OF BUR-I-AL.

tain-ing about two thousand in-hab-it-ants. The In-di-ans always showed great love for the pic-tur-esque, and good judgment in the se-lec-tion of their village and en-camp-ment sites. Sault St. Marie

was, indeed, one of "Nature's sweet re-tire-ments." The two priests were struck with the nat-u-ral beauty of the landscape, and wished to found a mission here im-me-di-ate-ly.

During the spring and summer, great numbers of In-di-ans vis-it-ed the place to supply themselves with white-fish—the water of the river seeming alive with them. On this account they also con-sid-er-ed it a good lo-ca-tion for a trading-post. The death from con-sump-tion of Raymbault, and the capture of Jogues, pre-vent-ed their plans from being car-ri-ed out at this time.



WAMPUM.

A little later on, Father Mesnard at-tempt-ed to explore the Great Lakes. He passed over the same route, en-ter-ed White-fish Bay, and on to Lake Su-pe-ri-or. One day, while sailing along the shore lined with gi-gan-tic trees, he re-quest-ed the In-di-an guide to land him. Wan-der-ing away into the dense forest, he was never heard of more.

Some years after, in 1668, two priests—Marquette and Al-lou-ez—car-ri-ed out the wishes of

Jogues and Raymbault, and founded the mission at Sault St. Marie. They made a map of only what they had act-u-al-ly seen, which to this day is considered a won-der-ful-ly correct rep-re-sen-ta-tion of the upper parts of Lake Huron and Mich-i-gan.

They marked the copper region of Ke-wee-naw, though not much in-for-ma-tion re-gard-ing the quantity of ore to be found there, could be ob-tain-ed—the In-di-ans de-clar-ing their water-gods were opposed to dis-turb-ance of the precious metal. Pieces of clear ore were car-ri-ed by the In-di-ans in their haz-ard-ous ex-cur-sions upon the lakes, as it was be-liev-ed, no In-di-an would perish by drowning, if pos-sess-ed of one of these charms. Three years after, in 1671, a great council of fourteen tribes was called at Sault St. Marie.

The French sought to ally themselves by a friendly a-gree-ment with these tribes, to aid them when called upon, and in turn to extend the power of France on the A-mer-i-can Con-ti-nent. The Jes-u-it priest, Al-lou-ez, con-duct-ed the cer-e-mo-nies. A large wooden cross was blessed, and while it was being raised, the priest and soldiers who came with of-fi-cer M. de Lusson, chanted the “Vex-il-la.” The coat of arms of France (the *Fleur de Lis*) was next hung upon a cedar post, the French, the while, chanting the “Ex-au-di-at.”

The com-man-der, M. de Lusson, now took pos-ses-sion, in the name of the King of France, of "all the land lying between the east and the west, and from Mon-tre-al to the south, as far as could be done," after which, a salvo was fired, and great shouting in-dulg-ed in by all present. Father Al-lou-ez fol-low-ed with a speech to the In-di-ans, de-scrib-ing the belief which the cross rep-re-sent-ed, and the hap-pi-ness here and hereafter which came to those who em-brac-ed it. Then he told them of the pow-er-ful King of France; what a mighty o-n-on-tio (ruler) he was; that no king dared make war upon him, and all nations had humbly sued him for peace."

The In-di-an Chiefs lis-ten-ed, and agreed to abide by the action of the council, which they did.

I suppose my young readers think, that before the Spanish, French and English came to



IN-DIAN PIPES.

disturb, and take away from these forest children their skins and land, their lives were little else than one long, sunny day; that they roamed through the woods, hunting the partridge, deer, wolf, fox, wild-cat and bear, and, at night making their beds upon sweet-smelling cedar boughs, laid themselves down and slept qui-et-ly until the dawn of day. But this is far from being the way in which they lived. It has been or-dain-ed that ev-er-y living thing that eats must work. The insects are always busy sup-ply-ing themselves and their young with food; the an-i-mals of the forest are ever upon the alert, watching for an ap-pe-tiz-ing meal. The In-di-ans worked just as hard as the an-i-mals, often suf-fer-ed untold mis-er-y on account of the cold, deep snow, and scar-ci-ty of game. Again, they were con-tin-u-al-ly at war with each other, each struggling for the mas-ter-y. Sometimes a whole tribe was de-stroy-ed by a tribe whose hunting-grounds had been in-va-ded. No; their lives were far from being com-fort-a-ble or happy before the ap-pear-ance of the white man in their midst.

But if there was a par-a-dise in the northwest for the red man, Mich-i-gan was its lo-ca-tion. The a-bun-dance of fish in her rivers and lakes; the great va-ri-e-ty of game in her well-wa-ter-ed area; her pleasant climate and dense pro-ject-ing forests, made life to them less toilsome, and, therefore, more

a-gree-a-ble, than in other portions of the country. In the southern part, they tilled enough to plant beans, corn, and pumpkins, which re-quir-ed but little work to make grow. They car-ri-ed their corn wher-ev-er they went. It was called the spirit's grain—*mon damen*. They wor-ship-ed the sun, moon and stars. Their Great Spirit they called "Man-i-to;" lesser di-vin-i-ties, "O-way-neo," and "Wa-con-da." They had their prophets, med-i-cine men, story-tell-ers, and songs for war or death.

The In-di-ans had an idea of rail-er-y, for the Al-gon-quins called the I-ro-quois, "Windy Tongues;" the I-ro-quois re-tort-ed by calling them, "Bark Eaters." They also had some idea of de-port-ment; for when the priests at the Huron Mission had a clock sent them, the In-di-ans were very cu-ri-ous, and would come and wait for hours to hear it strike. They thought it alive, and called it the "Captain."

"What does he say?" in-quir-ed an In-di-an upon first hearing the clock strike.

"He says," re-pli-ed the Father, "when he strikes twelve times, 'Hang on the kettle;' but when he strikes *four* times, 'Get up and go;'" and the In-di-ans never tar-ri-ed after that, later than four o'clock.

This, we may believe, was a much longed-for hour by the priests; an hour when re-liev-ed from their daily cares they were able to rest, spend the

e-ven-ing en-gag-ed in en-li-ven-ing con-ver-sa-tion, or in the per-form-ance of the many per-son-al serv-i-ces their busy life re-quir-ed.

CHAPTER IX.

MARQUETTE'S MISSION OF MACK-I-AW.

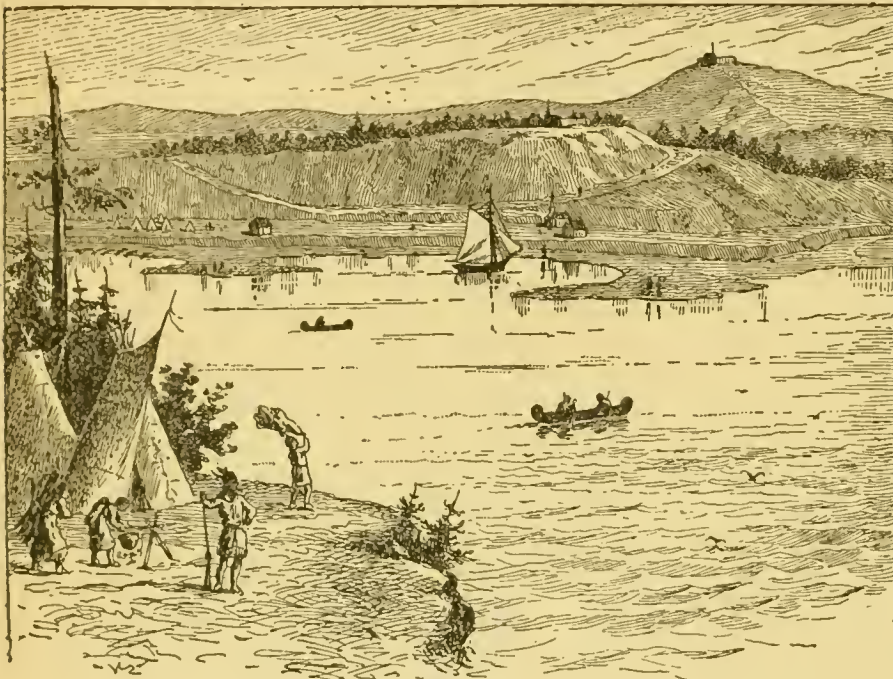
Owing to the use the In-di-ans made of the Ot-ta-wa River for car-ry-ing their furs to Mon-tre-al and Quebec, the northern part of Mich-i-gan was nat-u-ral-ly the first to be vis-it-ed.

Three years after Marquette and Al-lou-ez had founded the Sault St. Marie Mission, Marquette en-ter-ed the Straits of Mack-i-naw in his birch canoe, and landing at a point op-po-site the present site of the town of Mack-i-naw, called it St. Ignace. Here he built a chapel, and began preaching, and teaching the In-di-ans. He spoke the Al-gon-quin and I-ro-quois di-a-lects, which knowl-edge in-creas-ed his im-port-ance as a mis-sion-a-ry. Being told by the Su-pe-ri-or of the Jes-u-it Mission at Quebec, that he was too nec-es-sa-ry to the order to spend his time en-tire-ly in so small a village, Marquette an-swer-ed, "I am ready to leave Mack-i-naw in the hands of an-oth-er mis-sion-a-ry at your request, in order to



MACK-I-AW SCEN-ER-Y.

tell new tribes of our great God, whom they now know nothing of." The French, through the Indians, were continually hearing fabulous stories about a great river to the west, running north and south. Who was so well adapted to look for this

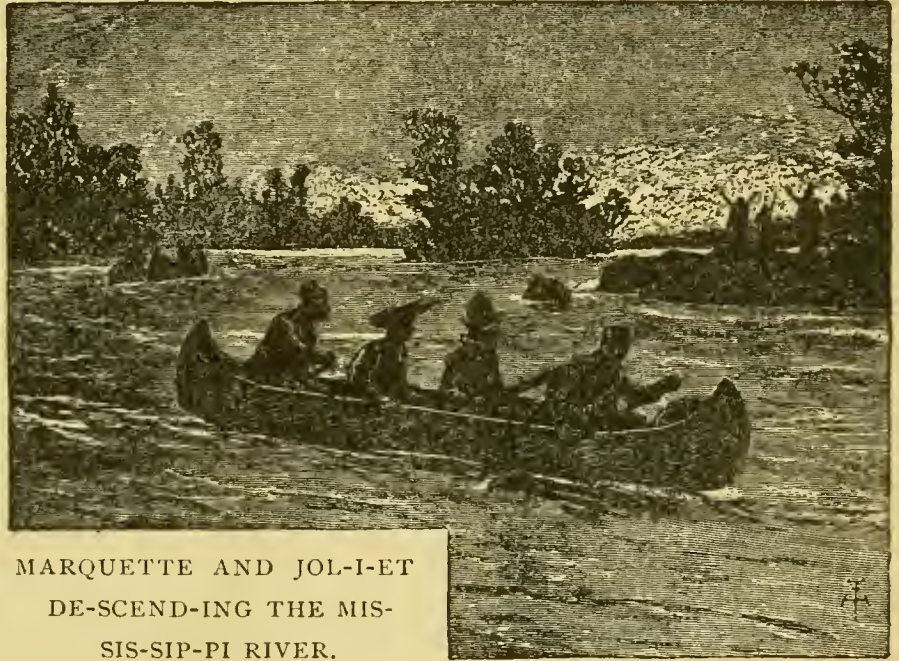


OLD FORT MACK-I-AW.

river as Marquette — the priest, scholar, and explorer? The Indians would not harm him, for he would not harm them; then he could tell all about the country when he returned, which was a great

thing in those days. The people wanted geographical information of the Great West, which Marquette was able to furnish. Accordingly, in May, 1673, Marquette, Joliet, and five Frenchmen, in two canoes, started from Mackinaw and sailed down Lake Michigan. They entered Green Bay, from thence to Fox River, and crossing a portage, entered the Wisconsin, which empties into the Mississippi.

Down this mighty river they floated with the current, day after day. Marquette was not a very strong man, and during this voyage became very sick. When near the mouth of the Ar-kan-sas, they thought they might be approaching some Spanish settlement, the Spanish claiming the mouth of the Mis-sis-sip-pi on account of De Soto's discovery, and so they decided to turn back.

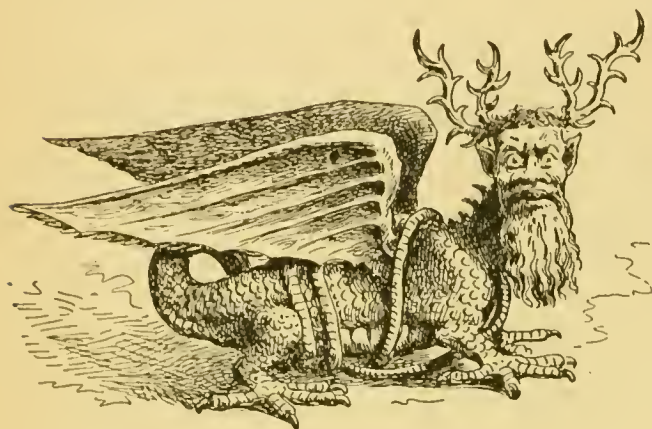


MARQUETTE AND JOL-I-ET
DE-SCEND-ING THE MIS-
SIS-SIP-PI RIVER.

In passing some high rocks, not far from where St. Louis now stands, Marquette thought he saw some pictures painted, looking something like those on the following page. The good priest thought these coarse pictures were the gods or devils which the In-di-ans wor-ship-ed, and his men were told to go and destroy them, which they did.

During this e-vent-ful voyage the good priest grew much worse, and seemed only to wish to return to the St. Ignace Mission before he died. On July

17th, they started back, and finding the mouth of a river to the east, they entered and sailed up the Ill-i-nois River, entered the lake, reaching the mis-



sion at Green Bay, in September. For a year the priest was too sick to leave the mission. During the two years after the discovery of the Mis-sis-sip-pi, he con-tin-u-ed to write, preach to the In-di-ans,

and build chapels for the spread of his Master's truth.

At Kas-kas-kia—nearly op-po-site where St. Louis now stands—while cel-e-bra-ting Easter, in 1675, the con-sci-ous-ness of death's near approach was im-press-ed upon him. He wished to reach his old Mission of St. Ignace, at Mack-i-naw, before being called hence. Two Frenchmen consent-ed to grat-i-fy this desire. Making the canoe as com-fort-a-ble as possible, they started up the cold lake toward the straits.



HISTORY OF MICHIGAN.

When near the mouth of a small river on the Mich-i-gan side, Marquette told his faithful at-tendants he could go no further. Im-me-di-ate-ly land-ing, they brought some pine branches, made a forest bed, and the dying Father was care-ful-ly placed upon it. Taking his cru-ci-fix from his bosom, he prayed for his church, for himself, his com-pan-ions, and the whole world. Asking to be left alone with his own holy thoughts for awhile, the men re-tir-ed to a spot within hearing distance. At the end of a short half hour they re-turn-ed to find him breathing his last; upon his face rested the smile of peace and hope, be-tok-en-ing the knowledge of a well-spent life. His weeping at-tend-ants dug a grave by the river bank, and with rev-er-ent hands cov-er-ed his worn and e-ma-ci-a-ted body with the warm earth of spring.

Some years after, a band of roving In-di-ans en-ter-ing the river now called Marquette, and seeing a wooden cross, knew it to be the grave of a "Black Gown." Marquette's bones were taken up, car-ri-ed away, and bur-i-ed at the nearest chapel. In 1877, they were re-in-ter-red at Mack-i-naw, where he wished to be bur-i-ed. It is hoped his precious bones will never be dis-turb-ed again. To his mem-o-ry Mich-i-gan is much in-debt-ed. He was, by far, the foremost dis-cov-er-er of the northwest.

CHAPTER X.

DIS-COV-ER-Y OF DETROIT.

In 1672, Count Fron-te-nac was ap-point-ed Gov-ern-or-Gen-er-al of Can-a-da. The French were always pushing toward Mich-i-gan. They planted their missions and trading-houses at the same places; by kindness and re-li-gion they had suc-ceed-ed in founding missions and posts at Sault St. Marie, Mack-i-naw, Green Bay, Chi-ca-go and St. Joseph. At the outlet of Lake On-ta-ri-o was a fort called Fron-te-nac. At this time a man lived there of consid-er-a-ble im-port-ance. He traded with the In-di-ans, and was hon-or-a-ble in his dealings with them. His name was Robert La Salle.

Count Fron-te-nac seeing that he was very en-er-get-ic and careful in his bus-i-ness with the traders, ad-vis-ed him to go to France, where he was kindly re-ceiv-ed at court, made a Cav-a-lier, given the mon-op-o-ly of trade with the I-ro-quois, and a large tract of land around Fort Fron-te-nac. For this he was to keep the fort ready for use against any hostile tribes that should attempt to take it.

When Fron-te-nac was sent to Can-a-da it was ex-pect-ed he would do something to bring the I-ro-

quois into more friendly re-lations with the French. They had killed so many mis-sion-a-ries and traders that the French began to think they would not be able to hold the western part of Can-a-da, unless peace could be made with these blood-thirsty sav-a-ges. So he had or-der-ed a chain of forts to be built along the lakes thus far dis-cov-er-ed.

After La Salle had been made a no-ble-man by Louis XV., he re-turn-ed to Fort Fron-te-nac, and his men began to clear the land, build houses for the French traders, and La Salle to act the part of a small king. The In-di-ans built huts about the fort, sheep and cattle were soon to be seen roaming over the pasture lands, and corn-fields waved in the summer's sun. But, the same as Marquette, La Salle could not remain happy until he had ex-plor-ed the great river so much talked about, into which he hoped to find other rivers flowing; rivers, perhaps, that would lead to the passage to In-di-a, still looked for. So he re-sign-ed his command of Fort Fron-te-nac, and taking his men, and all the money he could borrow, started for the head of Lake Erie, where he built a rough fort, and called it Fort Ni-ag-a-ra. He had read Marquette's book of his six-months' voyage down the Mis-sis-sip-pi. Although in-tend-ing soon to follow him, he had no idea of risking his life in so frail a boat as a canoe. So, for the next year, he

bus-i-ed himself in building a sort of sloop, which he named "The Griffin." She car-ri-ed five guns, and was of sixty tons burden. La Salle was her com-mand-er, and Father Louis Hen-ne-pin, the mis-sion-a-ry, his trusted com-pan-ion. On the 10th of August, 1679, after sailing the length of Lake Erie, they came upon the swift outlet of the Detroit River.

In de-scrib-ing this river, or strait, Hen-ne-pin says: "It is the finest strait in the world. It is twenty-five miles long, in some places two miles wide, and deep enough to float large vessels. The game was so a-bun-dant upon its clear waters, that they ar-rang-ed themselves in lines at the approach of the canoes to allow them to pass."

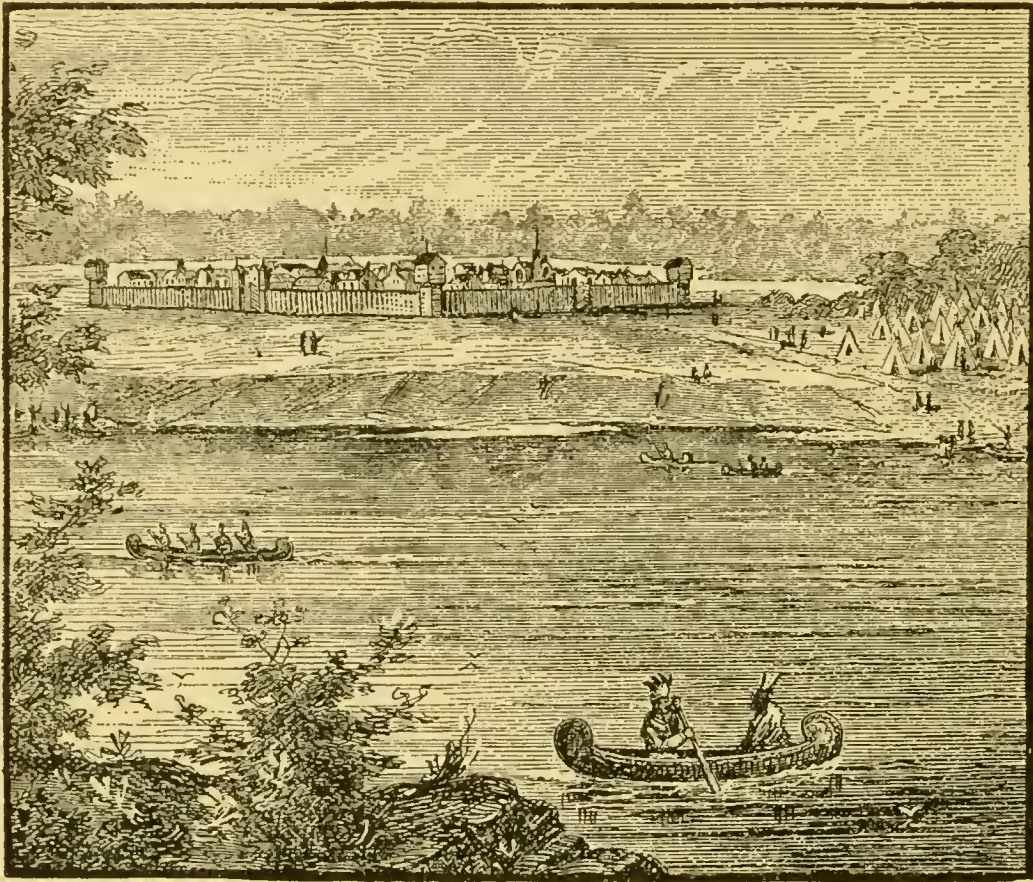
They found an In-di-an village upon the spot where Detroit now stands. Con-tin-u-ing the voyage, La Salle dis-cov-er-ed the small lake at the head of the strait, and named it St. Clair, on account of the clearness of its water. Reaching Mack-i-naw, he built a trading-house, and then crossed Lake Mich-i-gan with the first "winged ship" that ever parted her blue waters. En-ter-ing the harbor of Green Bay, La Salle sold the Griffin's cargo, made up of all sorts of things to please the fancy of the In-di-ans, re-load-ed her with a cargo of rich furs, and started her back to Fort Ni-ag-a-ra, ex-pect-ing to pay his debts with the sale of his pelts.

It is sup-pos-ed the Griffin was lost in a storm. After waiting a long time for its return, La Salle and his men took canoes and crossed over to St. Joseph's Mission and trading-post, in Mich-i-gan. The remain-der of this brave man's his-to-ry has nothing to do with the set-tle-ment of Mich-i-gan; but I would advise you to read it, for it is the painful story of a life de-vot-ed to the dis-cov-er-y and en-large-ment of French ter-ri-to-ry in A-mer-i-ca.

Although Hen-ne-pin had de-scrib-ed the beau-ti-ful strait, in 1679, calling it d'Etroit, and had spoken of its being the door to the upper lakes, no steps were taken to make it a trading-post for twenty-two years, or until the English began to talk about buying it of the I-ro-quois, who claimed its own-er-ship. Then the Gov-ern-or-Gen-er-al of Can-a-da, with em-pha-sis, said: "The strait be-longs to King Louis XIV. of France, and to no-bod-y else."

Ac-cord-ing-ly, in 1799, the of-fi-cer in command at Mack-i-naw—Antoine de la Motte Ca-dil-lac—went to France, and told the King's minister how ad-van-ta-geous it would be to their trade to build a fort at the head of the strait; he said, "all the waters of the great lakes pass through it; that the English were trying to get the trade of the In-di-ans, and if a fort were built here, they would a-ban-don the hope of ever doing it. Besides, the sav-a-ges had not

hunted south of the St. Clair Lake, and if they could have a market near, they would bring to the French traders the skins of the stag, deer, elk, roe-buck,



FORT PONT-CHAR-TRAIN (DETROIT), 1705.

black bear and buf-fa-lo, with wolves, otter, wild-cat, beaver, and other small an-i-mals.”

Louis XIV. gave his consent to erect the fort; gave Ca-dil-lac a com-mis-sion as com-man-dant, and “fifteen acres square of land wher-ev-er on d’Etroit the new fort should be es-tab-lish-ed.”

Re-turn-ing to Can-a-da, Lord Ca-dil-lac started for his post in com-pa-ny with fifty soldiers, and fifty traders and workmen, ar-riv-ing there on the 24th of July, 1701. A high, wooden-picket fence, in-clos-ing a few log huts, thatched with grass, was the royal structure called Fort Pont-char-train.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW THE PEOPLE OF NEW FRANCE LIVED.

About the time Lord Ca-dil-lac founded Detroit, the King of France—called the “Grand Monarch”—was doing ev-er-y-thing in his power to build up his col-o-ny across the At-lan-tic. To men of wealth, fam-i-ly, and those who had helped him in his many wars, he gave great tracts of land, and com-pell-ed many of his subjects to go and settle on them.

A reg-i-ment of soldiers was sent to defend the col-o-ny against the I-ro-quois. These troops had seen hard service in fighting the Turks. Needing four com-pa-nies again, those that were willing to re-main were given land and money, or pro-vis-ions enough to last a year. At the forts—such as Mack-i-naw and Detroit—he had placed a com-mand-er, who made the laws for the com-mu-ni-ty, and saw

that they were ex-e-cu-ted. The merchants within the stockade were the next in social po-si-tion to the of-fi-cers and priests; the In-di-an traders next; and last, the men who tilled the soil, and did the drudg-er-y of the in-hab-it-ants. Life in these forts was



FRENCH TRADERS BUYING PELTS.

something like life in a little mon-arch-y. Ev-er-y-thing was car-ri-ed on by titles and the su-pe-ri-or-i-ty of birth. The French com-man-dant and his of-fi-cers

were dressed in blue coats, turned up and faced with white, and trimmed with gold lace, while from their sides hung handsome swords. The priests were very active and useful persons to these small settlements. They wore long, black robes, fastened about the waist with a cord, from which hung silver chains suspending a crucifix. They performed the marriage ceremonies, visited the sick, baptized and taught the children when well, buried them when dead, and took care of the church and the morals of the colonists. The peasant, or farmer, wore a coarse, blue surtout, fastened round the waist with a red strap or sash, a red cap on his head, in the band of which generally glittered a sharp scalping-knife. The trading hunters wore buffalo-skin pantaloons, fringed at the sides, a blouse shirt, and drooping feathers in hats of every shape and hue. The women, after awhile, made the cloth for their own clothes, and for the Indian trade. They worked industriously by day, attended mass regularly, and danced whenever the opportunity offered. The French pioneers were a good and hardy people from the sea-faring towns of Western France.

Later on, the King undertook to furnish every man with a wife who wanted one. If the peasant had built himself a house, plowed his land which the King had given him, and had a little money laid up,

he was the man the King thought the most of, and wanted him to have the best wife. But if he had nothing, and wished to marry, the King still was willing to give him a partner with the land. Ship-loads of young girls came across the At-lan-tic at the King's expense, and were placed under the care of the Mother Su-pe-ri-or of the convent at Quebec, until they should be called for by some French col-on-ist in need of a wife. When news of the ships ar-riv-al was passed around the set-tle-ments and forts, of-fi-cers, soldiers, traders, workmen and farmers, all hur-ri-ed up to the Town Hall, and se-lect-ed the girl whose looks pleased him best.

In col-lect-ing these girls in France, the King said "the fleshy women and girls were the best to take, because they could stand the cold weather better, and were u-su-al-ly the most cheerful and content-ed people."

I think you will agree with me that this was an easy way of settling matters for the time-being; but it did not answer after the country was older.

It is said that Count Ca-dil-lac, the founder of Detroit, "for taking a wife and settling in the country, was given fifteen hundred livres."

The first white child bap-tiz-ed in Detroit, was Marie Theresa, daughter of Com-man-dant Ca-dil-lac and his wife, The-re-sa.



A FARMER'S HUT IN WINTER.

When a titled man was given, or bought of the King, a large tract of land, he set his men to work to build him a man-o-ri-al house, gen-er-al-ly on the bank of a river, because in those days the river was the people's road. There he became the Grand Seignior. He had vassals, or men who must serve him in war when the King called on him to furnish troops. These men gen-er-al-ly lived on the Grand Seignior's estate. On bended knees they prom-is-ed to attach themselves to his in-ter-ests, to work for him, to die for him if need be. For the use of the land they cul-ti-va-ted they paid him a small tax, such as a few chickens, or dollars a year. If the Grand Seignior had a great deal of land, these taxes a-mount-ed to con-sid-er-a-ble in a year. But he was o-blig-ed to keep a church and school in op-e-ra-tion, and do the things the people now do for themselves. This kind of pa-rent-al gov-ern-ment was called Feu-dal-ism. It no longer exists in civ-il-ized countries. But it an-swer-ed very well in the early times, when ev-er-y man who had an-y-thing, was o-blig-ed to take care of his own life and prop-er-ty with his own army. Now the people pay the gov-ern-ment for doing it.

I suppose you wonder if these early settlers had any sports and a-muse-ments? To be sure they did. Their a-muse-ments, how-ev-er, were quite dif-fer-ent



HUNTER AT NIGHT.

from those of the Pu-ri-tans who settled New England. The French did not think it wrong to sing gay songs, and dance, to dress in bright colors, or be merry, when prayers and mass was over.

In the months of August, Sep-tem-ber and Oc-to-ber, the men that worked at all, worked very hard, and pre-par-ed for winter. As the col-o-ny grew, ships from France brought them all sorts of nice things to wear, and the people, settled along the St. Lawrence and Rich-e-lieu Rivers, came to Mon-tre-al and Quebec to buy what they needed for the winter. They filled their cellars with all sorts of veg-e-ta-bles from their estates, and when the cold weather came on, added many kinds of frozen meats, game, fowls and fish.

Then the people had little to do, and their pleasures began. The fam-i-lies of the Seigniors, the gov-ern-ment of-fi-cials, with army of-fi-cers and the curé, mostly all titled men, had their balls and dinners, and tried to feel as grand as their fellows at court, in France.

The next class, the traders—for the people were di-vid-ed into classes—had their parties and balls, and one writer says, “the women were very pretty, and knew how to behave themselves, too.”

The next class, the hunters and their as-so-ci-ates, were a more bois-ter-ous people; they drank more

wine, and danced longer at night; but criminals were rarely found in the French colonies, all being attached to their religion, and through confession, restrained from committing wicked acts.

Of their manners, a writer has said: "The men in the colony are polite, raising their hats to every acquaintance—however slight—they chance to meet in the street. The women are all well-bred. They dress well, and take great care of their hair, which is always curled prettily about their heads. Besides being careful and busy about their family affairs, they have time to laugh, joke, play games, and dance. They are cheerful and contented, and nobody can say that they lack either beauty, wit or grace."

The young men, however, were said to be too fond of hunting, and many of them formed such a taste for the wild and daring life of the Indians, that they took squaws for wives,



COUREUR DES BOIS.

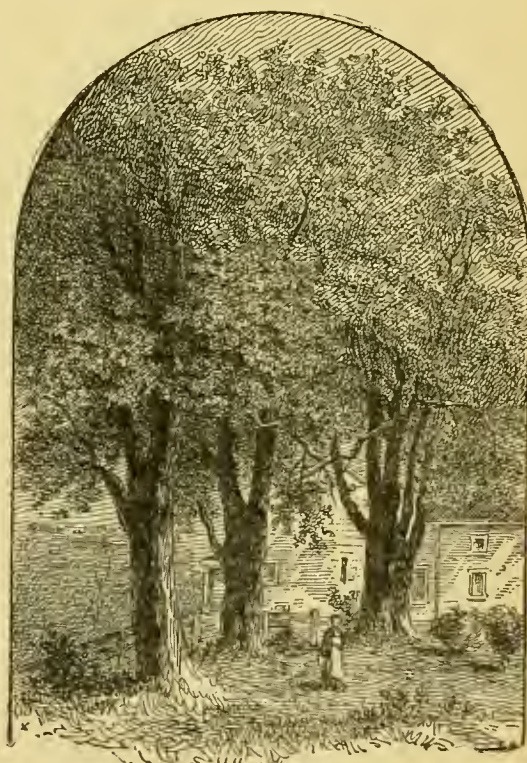
and dressed and lived like In-di-ans. They were called, *coureurs des bois* (wood rangers). Their families were af-ter-ward called half-breeds, and gave the early settlers of Mich-i-gan con-sid-er-a-ble trouble after the gov-ern-ment changed. But, taken all to-gether, these early French people in A-mer-i-ca were very good, honest, and true people. They were willing that the In-di-ans should live with them, and never sought to cheat them out of their country by setting apart large tracts of land and saying, "you must stay there, and hunt there, whether there is any game left, or not."

But the French did not look out so well for themselves as the English col-o-nists did in New England, and, therefore, did not prosper as well. Some writers have said, the French laughed and played away their lives and fortunes in Can-a-da, while the New Eng-land-ers worked, prayed, and saved up their money for their children's ben-e-fit. The French, doubtless, thought a little of life's pleasures be-long-ed to the fathers and mothers, leaving those who came after, the blessing of self-ex-er-tion, while the English de-ni-ed themselves almost ev-er-y-thing, to give their fam-i-lies ease and hap-pi-ness after their death. Which people do you think were nearest right?

CHAPTER XII.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH WAR IN A-MER-I-CA.

My young reader must bear in mind, that while the French ex-plor-ers—Cartier, De Monts, Champlain, Marquette and La Salle—were claiming new ter-ri-to-ry in the Northwest for France, the English, settling in Vir-gin-i-a and New England, were trying to do the same for England. Both peoples were reaching out toward the Far West, and were busy planting set-tle-ments and trading-posts wher-ev-er the In-di-ans came in large numbers. In Can-a-da, the shores of the St. Lawrence, the Rich-e-lieu, Detroit and St. Clair Rivers, were dotted with French farm-houses, towns and small vil-la-ges. Along the At-lan-tic coast, cities were springing up, to which the people from Scotland, England, Ireland and Ger-ma-ny, were flocking



OLD PEAR TREES IN DETROIT, PLANTED
BY FRENCH SETTLERS.

in ship-loads. But the French laid claim to all the land west of the Al-le-gha-ny and Cum-ber-land Mountains, and tried to pen up the English on the At-lan-tic coast. The English would not stay there, but still kept pushing on to the West.

The French began to build forts—not very strong ones, we would think, to see them now—along their boundary line, to keep back these in-truders.

A French of-fi-cer, whom we would now call a far-see-ing man, once pro-pos-ed to his King, that he be al-low-ed to go and take New York from the Dutch, and shut up the English in New England. To make things still worse for the col-o-nists on both sides, their mother countries had been at war with each other, most of the time, for five hundred years. They were o-blig-ed, how-ev-er, to stop fighting long enough to recruit new armies, and collect money enough to put them in the field again; but, when this was done, hos-til-i-ties gen-er-al-ly begun anew. As soon as the news could reach the French, in Can-a-da, and the English along the At-lan-tic shore, which, hap-pi-ly for the col-o-nists, took about two months at that time, then the English and their In-di-an allies marched upon the French, or the French and their allies marched upon the English, burning set-tle-ments, mur-der-ing the settlers, and car-ry-ing fear and

sorrow to ev-er-y household. Of all the peoples coming to A-mer-i-ca, the In-di-ans liked the French the best. They were kind to them, and paid them honest-ly for their pelts and corn. So, when-ev-er fighting began, the largest number of In-di-an tribes joined the French, though the fiercest, the I-ro-quois, at first were the allies of the English.

The excuse they had on this side of the At-lan-tic for going to war with each other, was the claim the French made to a large tract of land on the O-hi-o River, which the King of England had granted to a number of men called, "The O-hi-o Com-pa-ny." This com-pa-ny was to settle the land; but when-ev-er they tried to bring fam-i-lies there, the French sent troops, broke up the set-tle-ment, and sent the traders away.

At this time, George Wash-ing-ton, whom you all know about, was twenty years old. He was a sur-vey-or, and held the rank of Major in the Col-o-ni-al British Army. He was sent with a letter to the French com-mand-er, near Lake Erie, telling him the French must not in-ter-fere with the set-tle-ment of this land by the English. Four hundred miles this young Vir-gin-i-an trav-el-ed on foot through the wil-der-ness, to de-liv-er his letter and bring back a reply.

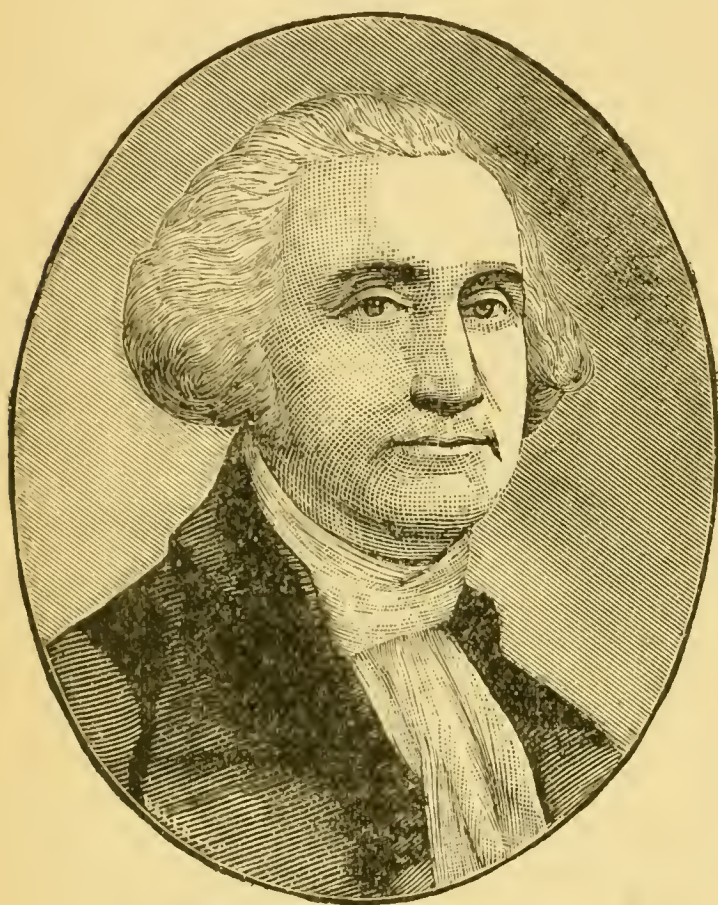
The French re-fus-ed to allow the English to

oc-cu-py the land, and so, what is called, "The French and In-di-an War," came out of this re-fus-al. At this time there were about a million English col-o-nists, while the French num-ber-ed only about one hundred thousand.

The English were the richest and most nu-mer-ous. But they were beaten in their first and second campaigns, and if Louis XV. of France, had not been such a spendthrift, and had saved his money to send more men to help his French col-o-nists, Can-a-da might have re-main-ed a French province to this day.

But after fighting all along the border for four years—from 1755 to 1759—the French were badly de-

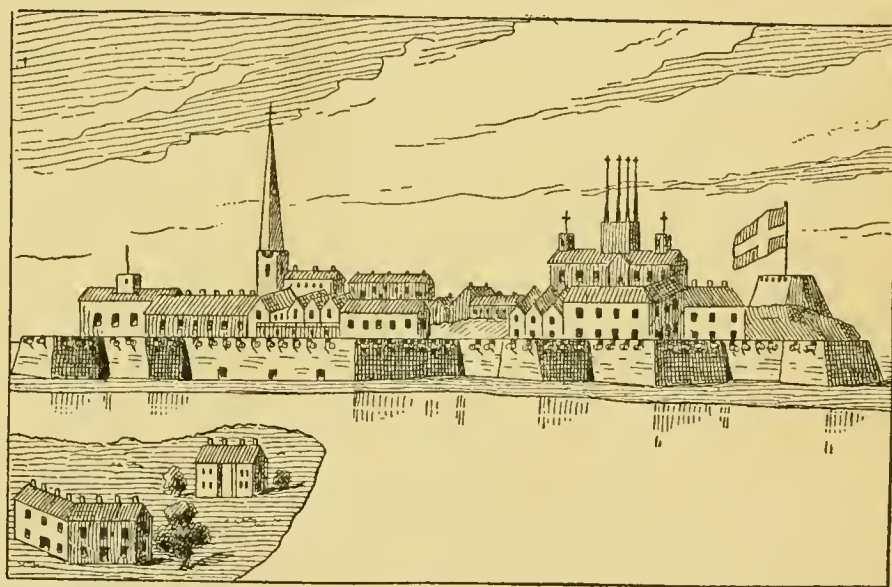
feat-ed at the ter-ri-ble battle of Quebec. Both com-mand-ers—Gen-er-al Wolf of the English forces, and Gen-er-al Montcalm of the French—were killed.



James Wolfe

Then all the country which had be-long-ed to France for one hundred and fifty years, now became the prop-er-ty of England. Detroit was sur-ren-der-ed to a small force of British troops, under Major Robert Rogers, on the 8th of Sep-tem-ber, 1760. The flag of France which had floated over the fort for sixty years, was hauled down, and the Red Cross of Eng-land furled from its staff.

The French troops were sent to Phil-a-del-phi-a, and the people who con-sent-ed to become the sub-jects of the King of England, were al-low-ed to re-main and keep their prop-er-ty. It is said the In-di-ans were much per-plex-ed at see-



MON-TRE-AL IN 1760, FROM AN OLD PRINT.

ing the large French force sur-ren-der to the few English troops who came to oc-cu-py the fort. They could not un-der-stand it, and when a year later, the posts of Mack-i-naw, Green Bay and Sault St. Marie, were taken pos-ses-sion of by the English, the In-

di-ans became greatly a-larm-ed. They thought, no doubt, they were to lose the whole earth.

CHAPTER XIII.

PON-TI-AC'S CON-SPIR-A-CY.

While Major Rogers, of the English army, was on his way to oc-cu-py Detroit, he was met one night, just as his men were pre-par-ing to encamp, by a band of In-di-ans, who di-rect-ed him to make no further effort to enter the country, as their Chief had "barred their way."

"Who is your Chief?" in-quir-ed the Major.

"Pon-ti-ac; ruler of all this country!" was the answer.

The Major said he would like to see this great Pon-ti-ac, if he was in that neigh-bor-hood. The band dis-ap-pear-ed, and in a short time the pow-er-ful Chief pre-sent-ed himself to the of-fi-cer. In a very haughty manner Pon-ti-ac in-quir-ed, "what his bus-i-ness was in that country, and how he had dared to enter it without his per-mis-sion?"

Major Rogers then told him about the defeat of the French, which Pon-ti-ac, of course, knew all about, but was sa-ga-cious enough to try to secure for



PON-TI-AC.

the In-di-ans the best terms pos-si-ble, in the change of the country's oc-cu-pa-tion.

Major Rogers told Pon-ti-ac the English wished to live in peace with the In-di-ans, and would do as well by them as the French had done. The pipe of peace was smoked, and the troops, after a few days, were al-low-ed to proceed to Detroit. But still, the Chief was as much an en-e-my to the English as he had ever been. He de-clar-ed "the red men had but one father, and he was King of France."

The year after, when the British forces had taken pos-ses-sion of all the French forts, towns and vil-lages, and Pon-ti-ac began to fear the "happy hunting grounds" of all the tribes were about to pass into the hands of the English, he de-ter-min-ed to make one last, he-ro-ic effort, to save his people and his country. To suc-cess-ful-ly ac-com-plish this bold design, Pon-ti-ac was o-blig-ed to resort to con-spir-a-cy. He called the Chiefs of the Huron, Pot-ta-wat-o-mies, I-ro-quois, Sen-e-cas, Del-a-wares, and others, to a secret council. To them he poured out his fears and griefs. He showed them how their good friends, the French, had been driven from their forts and homes; that unless they u-ni-ted to destroy ev-er-y in-vad-ing English man, woman or child, their lands and homes would be taken from them, when they must become slaves, or worse—starve to death.

At this time, in 1763, there were thirteen forts and posts west of the Al-le-gha-nies, gar-ri-son-ed by the English, to-wit: Forts Mack-i-naw, Pont-char-train, at Detroit, St. Josephs, Chartres, San-dus-ky, Mi-am-i, Oua-tan-on, Presque Isle, Le Bœuf, Venan-go, Ni-ag-a-ra and DuQuesne. It was de-cid-ed to attack these as nearly on the same day as pos-sible. Pon-ti-ac, who was made "Gen-er-al-in-Chief" of all the tribes, chose for his share in this bloody work the fort at Detroit. So secret had been all his movements, that he be-liev-ed there could be no fail-ure of his plan. Mes-sen-gers had been sent back and forth between the tribes, the number of English troops counted at all the forts, and ev-er-y-thing was in read-i-ness for the attack on the 6th of May, 1763.

On the 26th of May, the gar-ri-son of Fort St. Joseph num-ber-ed but fourteen soldiers and one ensign. The day was bright and warm. As the soldiers were em-ploy-ed in the va-ri-ous duties re-quir-ed in camp life, quite a party of Pot-ta-wat-o-mies care-less-ly strolled into the fort, as though in-tend-ing merely to pay a friendly visit to the new comers in their midst. Shortly, others saun-ter-ed in. All at once the fierce war-whoop pierced the ears of the troops, and in less time than it takes to tell the fear-ful story, ten soldiers lay dead at the blood-stained feet of the sav-a-ges. The ensign and three of his

men, who had es-cap-ed the blows of the cruel tom-a-hawk, were now bound, hand and foot, and held pris-on-ers for future death or exchange, as it should please their captors.

CHAPTER XIV.

MAS-SA-CRE AT FORT MACK-I-AW.

At this time, Mack-i-naw was a set-tle-ment of about thirty houses. Cedar pickets en-cir-cled the two acres of ground on which these houses stood. The In-di-ans still con-sid-er-ed the French alone had the right to trade with them, and although the King of France had form-al-ly given up the whole country to the King of England, by the treaty of 1763, the In-di-ans would not consent to it.

To show you how one of those English traders, named Al-ex-an-der Henry, was treated, I will tell you his story, which is, also, the story of the mas-sa-cre of Fort Mack-i-naw. It seems, in those days, to do any bus-i-ness with the In-di-ans, the consent of the English Gov-ern-ment must be ob-tain-ed, the same as had been re-quir-ed from the French. When Mr. Henry had the per-mis-sion to trade, and had a house in which to store his goods, he re-ceiv-ed

word that a whole band of Chip-pe-was had come to make him a visit. He sent for an In-di-an in-ter-pret-er, as he had heard the Chip-pe-was would never allow an English trader to stay in their country.

One day, about two o'clock in the af-ter-noon, sixty Chip-pe-was, headed by their Chief, walked single file into his house, each with his scalping-knife in one hand, and tom-a-hawk in the other. Most of them had on deer-skin pant-a-loons. Their breasts and arms were naked, but painted with a sort of white clay, in many patterns. Their faces, in strange contrast to their bodies, were be-smear-ed with black grease, and looked very much like a well-brushed boot.

Some had wild turkies feathers stuck through the gristle of the nose, while the heads of others, were a-dorn-ed with crowns of the same.

At a signal from the Chief, all seated themselves upon the floor, and began to smoke their pipes. Then the Chief, who was about fifty years old, and over six feet high, asked Mr. Henry, "how long it had been since he left Mon-tre-al?" Being told, he calmly said: "The English, it seems, are not afraid of death, since they have dared to come among their en-e-mies."

When their to-bac-co had been smoked, the Chief, after a long silence, arose and took a few strings of

wampum in his hand, and begun a speech. He said: "Their father, the King of France, was old and weak, and being tired with the war the English had made upon him, had fallen asleep; but, when he awoke, he would be able to destroy ev-er-y Eng-lish-man in Can-a-da. If the English had driven out the French, they had not yet driven out the In-di-ans. They were not slaves! These lakes and woods and mountains were left them by their fathers, and they would part with none of them! These were the sources from which they were sup-plied with food and clothing." Then, seeing his braves were be-com-ing ex-cit-ed, he ad-dress-ed Mr. Henry di-rect-ly, saying: "But, as you come in peace, we shall not treat you as an en-e-my, and in token of our friendship, now offer you this pipe to smoke with us." Mr. Henry took the pipe, drew three whiffs, passed it to the Chief who did the same, after which, all in the room re-peat-ed the cer-e-mo-ny. Mr. Henry then made a speech, and prom-is-ed to abide by their wishes, and to give them at parting, a cask of "English milk" (rum).

Mr. Henry now thought ev-er-y-thing settled, and hired men to take his goods to the In-di-an vil-la-ges along the shore of the lakes. Just before they were ready to start, how-ev-er, news came that the Ot-ta-was, an-oth-er tribe, were ap-proach-ing, two

hundred strong. They entered the stockade, and sent an interpreter to command Mr. Henry's immediate presence. Without delay the trader answered the request. The Chief then told him, unless he gave to each of his braves, young and old, goods and ammunition to the amount of fifty beaver skins, *on credit*, his men would not be allowed to visit the Indian villages on the lakes and the Mississippi. They gave Mr. Henry a day to consider the proposal. At the end of this time, he had concluded he had not enough goods to go round, and so told the Chief.

He now expected to lose everything; but late in the afternoon, to his great joy, he heard that a company of British soldiers were coming to protect the post, and were then but five miles away. The night was spent by him, however, in hourly expectation of an attack; but when morning dawned, the Ottawas had left, and the English soldiers had arrived. Then he sent his traders on their routes. After the troops had been some time in the fort, about a year, and had become used to frontier life, an old Indian named Wawatam, came to Mr. Henry's store, bringing him a present of dried venison, maple-sugar, and some beaver-skins. He said "he had wished to adopt an Englishman; that in a dream the Great Spirit had pointed out him — Mr.

Henry—as the best brother he could take. Would he receive his presents, and become one of his fam-i-ly?”

Mr. Henry could not refuse, and so they smoked the pipe of re-la-tion-ship to-geth-er. While they smoked, Wa-wa-tam asked “whether the com-man-dant at the fort had heard any bad news; and why four hundred Chip-pe-was and Sacks were en-camp-ed so near the fort?” adding, “that for a long time, his sleep had been dis-turb-ed by the noise of evil winds.” He tried to persuade Mr. Henry to go with him that very day, up to Sault St. Marie; but the trader waited for the return of his hunters from the lakes, and was not able to leave. The In-di-an and his wife, not wishing to tell the secret they held in their hearts, de-part-ed in sadness. The next day was the King of England’s birthday—the 4th of June. The morning was hot, and the In-di-ans were going to play a game of bog-gat-ta-way; a game played with a bat and ball, sim-i-lar to those used in the game of polo. It is a very ex-cit-ing sport, and sometimes six or seven hundred are en-gag-ed in the game at once, that is, if the space is large enough. The posts of the con-test-ants are driven down, some-times miles apart, and the ball must be driven from home all the time. They run and yell and fall over each other in the chase for it, hundreds at a time.

On the day of the 4th, when the sport was at its height and the noise deaf-en-ing, and the of-fi-cers and soldiers were standing outside the gate, un-arm-ed, watching the players, the ball was thrown over the stockade. While the of-fi-cers had re-main-ed without the in-clo-sure, a number of squaws had slipped in, car-ry-ing knives and tom-a-hawks under their blankets. As the ball landed, not far from where Mr. Henry's house was, he looked out of the window and soon saw a hundred braves, rushing into the fort after it. In a moment the war-whoop re-sound-ed in the ears of the English of-fi-cers. The squaws passed to each brave a scalping-knife or tom-a-hawk; both being used in their pit-i-less work. Here and there Henry could see the en-ra-ged sav-a-ges scooping up the blood of his coun-try-men, and drinking it to quench their hor-ri-ble thirst. He could bear the sight no longer, and, jumping a fence between his house and that of a Frenchman named Langlade, he ran into the presence of the fam-i-ly, and begged Mr. Langlade to secrete him. A Paw-nee woman, a slave of the Langlade's, beck-on-ed the trader to follow her, and o-pen-ing a door which led to the garret, they ran up, the woman re-turn-ing soon after, with the key of the door in her pocket. But a short time had e-laps-ed, when sev-er-al In-di-ans ap-pear-ed, and in-quir-ed "if any Eng-lish-men

were in the house." Mr. Langlade re-plied, "that he could not say; they must see for themselves." They began searching the house, and when they came to the garret door, found it locked. While one of their number went for the key, Mr. Henry saw some rolls of birch-bark in a heap in the dark corner. Into one of these he crawled, and when the In-di-ans were able to open the door, no one was to be found in the garret. Dis-ap-point-ed at not having his scalp to show as a trophy to the other blood-thirsty murderers at the fort, they de-scend-ed the stairs in an ugly mood. There was a feather-bed in the attic, and the poor, tired, and ter-ri-fi-ed man now threw himself upon it, and tried to rest.

At night it began to rain, and the wife of Mr. Langlade went to the garret to stop a hole in the roof. She was sur-pris-ed to find Mr. Henry there. She told him sev-en-ty of the English gar-ri-son and in-hab-it-ants had been killed, and twenty were still alive. He asked her for some water, which she brought him, and when the door was again locked, he fell asleep for the last time for many hours.

The next morning voices were heard below again asking for the "English trader, Henry." Mr. Henry now ex-pect-ed to die, and re-sign-ed to his fate, sat qui-et-ly on his bed waiting their approach. Up the sav-a-ges came, all nearly naked, and brand-ish-ing

their scalping-knives above their heads. Upon seeing the object of their search, one In-di-an caught him by the collar of his coat, and looking him steadily in the face for a moment, at last dropped his arm and said: "I won't kill you." Then ordering him to go down stairs, they made him take off his clothes, telling him if he did not wish to go to the fort naked, he could put on the cast-off garments of his robber In-di-an. Meeting a young Chip-pe-wa on the way, who owed him for goods, the drunken savage cried out, "I will pay you before long." When the fort was reached, his tor-ment-ors did not enter, but pressed him on to the woods. Mr. Henry re-fus-ed to go further, saying he thought they were going to murder him. At this, an In-di-an seized his arm, and was about to plunge his knife into Mr. Henry's breast, when he gave a sudden turn and re-leas-ed himself. Running with all his might he reached Mr. Langlade's house again, fol-low-ed by the leaping and howling savage. The Can-a-di-an was successful in per-suad-ing the In-di-an to allow Mr. Henry to remain with him for the night, and entering his garret he hoped to pass the night in safety. At ten o'clock he was called down, but to his great joy, there stood Major Eth-er-ing, Mr. Bostwick, Lieu-ten-ant Leslie, of-fi-cers of the fort, whose lives had been spared, but who were held as pris-on-ers.

All re-main-ed quiet for the night, but the next morning they were or-der-ed to embark in a canoe manned by seven In-di-ans. With ropes about their necks, and tied to a bar fas-ten-ed to the canoe, the only clothing upon their persons a thin shirt, they were rowed, in the cool morning air, sev-en-teen miles, landing at Fox Point, Lake Mich-i-gan.

At the sound of the war-whoop, an Ot-ta-wa ap-pear-ed upon the beach, and sig-nal-ed them to land. Before the boat could reach the shore, a band of Ot-ta-was ran through the shallow water, seized the pris-on-ers and dragged them on shore. Now, they ex-pect-ed death in-stant-ly, and Mr. Henry pre-par-ed for the third time to leave the world. After some delay, and par-ley-ing, the pris-on-ers learned, to their great joy, that they were in the hands of friends; that the Ot-ta-was were of-fend-ed at the Chip-pe-was, because they had made the attack on the fort with-out con-sult-ing them.

The English were car-ri-ed back to the fort, the Chip-pe-was driven out, and the Ot-ta-was put in command.

After a night of council between the two tribes, the pris-on-ers again found themselves at the mercy of their old captors.

On the 7th of June, Mr. Henry's old friend, Wa-wa-tam, en-ter-ed the lodge where he was con-

fin-ed, and, in passing, gave him his hand. A council was to be held. When the Chief ap-pear-ed, Wa-wa-tam took a seat by him, and both smoked without ut-ter-ing a word. This done he left the lodge, and passing near Mr. Henry, said, "cheer up." Soon after, the old In-di-an re-turn-ed with his wife, both loaded down with goods, which they laid at the feet of the Chief. Then Wa-wa-tam said: "All of you have friends, brothers and children. How would you feel to see them slaves? this is my case, as you all know. I a-dopt-ed him long before the war begun, and how can you break the cord that binds us to-geth-er? I bring these goods to buy off ev-er-y claim which any may have against my brother." The Chief re-plied, "that he knew all; and for his trust-i-ness in not be-tray-ing them before the mas-sa-cre, he would take the goods and release his brother," which was done upon the spot.

Wa-wa-tam took Mr. Henry home with him. He was safe; but his coun-try-men, what became of them?

Shortly after he heard a noise in the prison lodge, and going to the spot, he saw seven bodies dragged out, these having been killed by a chief who had been away during the mas-sa-cre, but who wished to show his loy-al-ty to the cause, by dipping his hands in the blood of the hated English.

Mr. Henry was com-pell-ed to disguise himself as an In-di-an for a whole year, when a council being called to meet at Mon-tre-al, he begged to ac-com-pa-ny the tribe, which request was at last agreed to.

I think my young readers will say this man's escape was almost mi-rac-u-lous.

CHAPTER XV.

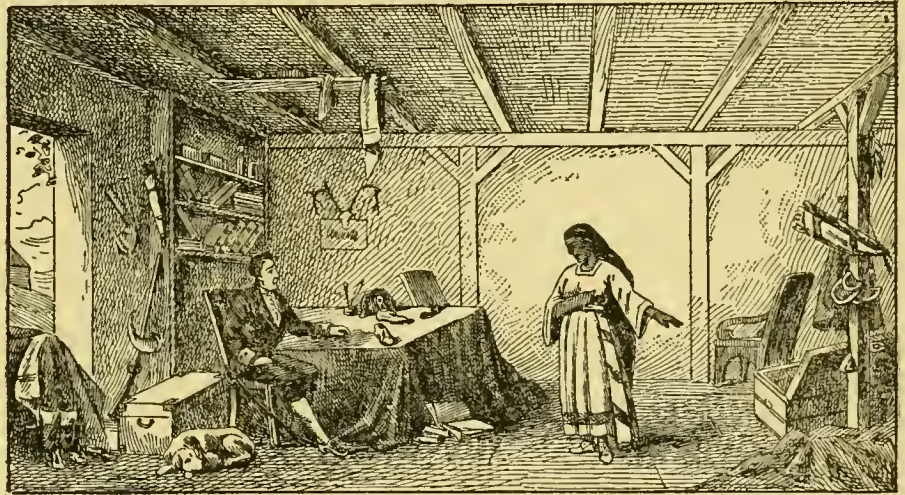
PON-TI-AC'S ATTACK ON DETROIT.

On the af-ter-noon of the day before the attack on Fort Pont-char-train, at Detroit, was to be made, an In-di-an girl—whom, it was said, the com-man-dant, Major Gladwyn, thought much of, and who, you will doubtless say when you have heard her story, thought much of the com-man-dant—came to the fort to present the Major with a pair of pretty em-broid-er-ed slippers. The Major called her Cath-a-rine. But this was only a fine excuse which Cath-a-rine made for going to the fort, at a time when her errand might be sus-pect-ed. As she en-ter-ed the room of the com-man-dant, her dark eyes were cast down, and her pretty face shad-dow-ed with sadness.

Major Gladwyn called her to his side, and in-

quir-ed the cause of her gloom. Cath-a-rine did not like to betray her own people, and for some time remained silent. The Major pressed her again to confide in him the cause of her sorrow. At length, in a shy and half-fright-en-ed manner, Cath-a-rine said: "To-mor-row, Pon-ti-ac will come to the fort with sixty Chiefs. They will seem friendly; they will wish to hold a council with you. But, take care!

they are your en-e-mies. As they march into the fort, watch them. They will all be armed with guns cut short, and hidden under their blankets. Pon-ti-ac will ask to talk with



CATH-A-RINE RE-VEAL-ING THE CON-SPIR-A-CY OF
PON-TI-AC.

you, and after he has talked, he will offer a belt of wampum to be at peace with you; but he will not hand it to you in the right way. When the braves see this, they will spring up, and fire upon you and your of-fi-cers, and the In-di-ans outside the fort will rush in and kill ev-er-y Eng-lish-man here; but the scalp of a Frenchman will not be touched."

When the Major heard this, he pressed the hand of Cath-a-rine with thank-ful-ness, and told her to go back to the In-di-an village, not far off, in order that no one should suspect her.

The fort was put in read-i-ness; the men well armed, and sev-er-al were de-tail-ed for special duty at Major Gladwyn's side.

When Pon-ti-ac knocked the next day, in company with his Chiefs, he was shown into the presence of the com-man-dant, who looked at him sternly, and waited his approach. Pon-ti-ac saw he had been dis-cov-er-ed, but was so much master of himself that he re-main-ed per-fect-ly calm, and in-quir-ed:

“Why do I see so many of my father's young men standing about with their guns?”

Major Gladwyn re-plied as calmly: “The soldiers are under arms for ex-er-cise and dis-ci-pline.”

Then Pon-ti-ac and his braves seated themselves upon the mats, and begun to smoke. Hold-ing the wampum belt in his hand, the Chief began to make a speech, in which he pro-fess-ed great friendship for the English; but, when upon the point of raising the belt, as Cath-a-rine had said he would, the Major quickly passed his hand across his forehead—the signal agreed upon with his men—then the sudden clashing of arms was heard throughout the fort. Drums were beaten, and a squad of soldiers marched

into the au-di-ence room of the Major, and took po-si-tion behind him.

Pon-ti-ac was con-found-ed. His sus-pi-cions were re-al-iz-ed. Major Gladwyn had been made aware of his in-tend-ed attack. But he would put on the best face pos-si-ble, present the belt, and listen to what the com-man-dant had to say.

Gladwyn re-ceiv-ed the gift, his eyes fixed sternly upon the Chief. After a short pause, in which both ap-pear-ed un-mov-ed, the Major said: "As long as you and your fol-low-ers deserve it, you will receive the friendship of the English, and will be ben-e-fit-ed thereby; but, upon the first ag-gress-ive act, you will be vis-it-ed by the direst vengeance our armies can bring upon you."

The gates were there-up-on o-pen-ed, and the In-di-ans qui-et-ly passed out. When, at some distance from the fort, Pon-ti-ac re-la-ted to the as-sem-bled tribes what had hap-pen-ed. They yelled and danced about with rage. They had failed in taking the fort as they had ex-pect-ed to do. But Pon-ti-ac fa-vor-ed the ap-pear-ance of con-tin-u-ed friendship with the English. He would go the next day and en-deav-or to find out just how much Major Gladwyn knew.

In com-pa-ny with three Chiefs he ap-pear-ed at the gate of the fort, and de-mand-ed to see the of-fi-cer, at the same time raising in his hand the sacred

cal-u-met. They were ad-mit-ted, and as Pon-ti-ac pre-sent-ed the pipe, he said :

“My father! evil birds have sung lies in your ears. We, that stand before you, are the true friends of the English. We love you as our brothers, and to prove our love we have come this day to smoke with you the pipe of peace.”

When the smoking was over, Pon-ti-ac left the pipe as a pledge of his sin-cer-i-ty. The next day great numbers of In-di-ans were no-tic-ed gath-er-ing around the fort, and when Pon-ti-ac came there again he found it closed against him. In a tow-er-ing rage he strode back to his braves, who lay upon their bellies just outside the reach of the fort's guns. Seeing the di-a-bol-ic-al look of Pon-ti-ac they leaped to their feet, and running to a house owned by an English woman, they burst in the door, and in-stant-ly mur-der-ed all its inmates. Then a band ran to the river, sprang into their canoes, and paddling to an island near Detroit, on which stood a house also owned by an English subject, dragged the man from his hiding place and killed him on the spot.

Pon-ti-ac was not a mur-der-er. He wished to be con-sid-er-ed a soldier, and taking a canoe he crossed the river to an Ot-ta-wa village, and or-der-ed the tribe to cross the river to aid in the attack to be made at an early day on the fort. Ev-er-y man in

the fort was now put under arms. All night the little gar-ri-son waited for the attack. Nothing occurred, how-ev-er, until daylight, when the war-whoop sounded, and the bullets of the sav-a-ges began to knock against the wooden in-clos-ure. The In-di-ans were se-cre-ted behind a clump of out-build-ings, at which one of the guns of the fort was pointed. The red-hot spikes shot from the cannon soon set fire to these, and the In-di-ans took to the woods. The assault lasted six hours. Five of the English were wounded, but not many In-di-ans were hurt.

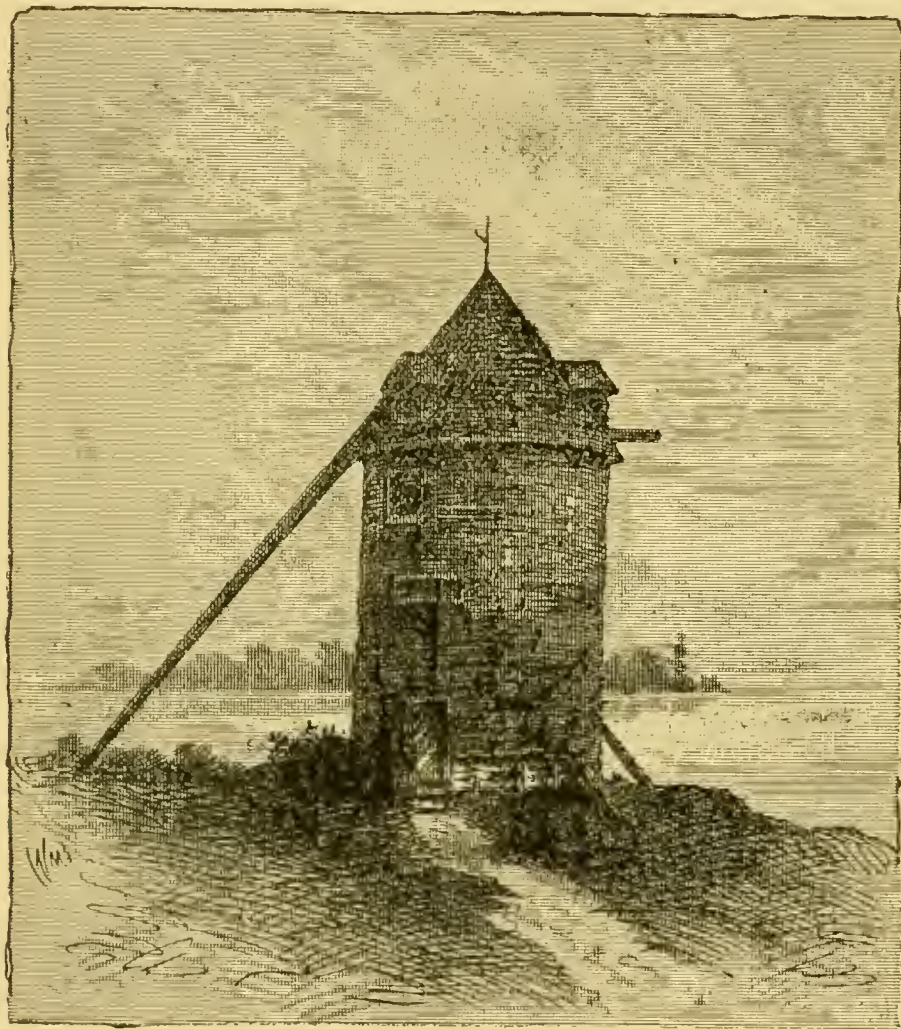
After a time the com-man-dant saw he would soon need pro-vis-ions, and sent two Frenchmen, named Chap-e-ton and Godefroy, to find out what Pon-ti-ac wished, Major Gladwyn not knowing about the up-ris-ing of all the In-di-ans under Pon-ti-ac.

Pon-ti-ac re-ceiv-ed the two men kindly, where-up-on Chap-e-ton urged him to raise the siege.

“If Major Campbell will come to my camp,” said the Chief, “we will smoke the pipe of peace to-geth-er, and settle ev-er-y-thing.”

Major Gladwyn, when he heard Pon-ti-ac's request, was afraid all would not be well with Major Campbell, should he accept Pon-ti-ac's pro-pos-al. But Campbell in-sist-ed upon going, hoping thereby to prevent further bloodshed. Lieu-ten-ant McDougal, and sev-er-al others, ac-com-pa-ni-ed the Major.

Ar-riv-ed at the camp all were seated, when Pon-ti-ac of-fer-ed a speech, which, how-ev-er, con-vey-ed nothing of im-port-ance to the vis-it-ors. Major Campbell re-pli-ed to him. For a whole hour they



THE OLD RED MILL.

waited for Pon-ti-ac to answer. During this time the sav-a-ges were throng-ing about the lodge in great numbers. At length Major Campbell re-marked that “it was time for him and his friends to return to the fort.”

Pon-ti-ac merely mov-ed his hand, and said, pointing to Campbell: “My father will sleep to-night in the lodge of his red children.”

Pon-ti-ac in-tend-ed to keep him pris-on-er; and,

at the right time, offer him his lib-er-ty for the sur-ren-der of the fort.

One day when the Major was al-low-ed to walk about the camp, he was fired upon by an am-bush-ed In-di-an and killed. Pon-ti-ac was fu-ri-ous at this fiendish act, and de-clar-ed torture for the war-ri-or, if caught.

In con-nec-tion with the death of Major Campbell, a story is told by Mrs. Hamlin, in her "Legends of Detroit." It is this: "At the time of Col-on-el Rogers' capture of Detroit, there lived in an old stone mill, a Can-a-di-an fam-i-ly, who had a-dopt-ed an In-di-an girl of Pon-ti-ac's tribe. She was pretty, and warmly ad-mir-ed by Major Campbell. When-ev-er the Major wished to see her, and she wished to see him, and there were none of the jealous Ot-ta-wa braves about, the In-di-an girl would place a lighted candle in a window of the mill. This light twink-ling across the water could be seen at the fort, and the Major would hasten to obey its summons.

"This pretty In-di-an girl, had long been loved by Wasson, a Sag-i-naw brave. He had brought to her the finest beaver-skins he could find; beads, shells, and gay feathers, but she raised not one of these presents from the ground, where they had been thrown at her feet. En-ra-ged at this coldness, Was-son began to inquire the reason. Dis-cov-er-ing it,

he de-ter-min-ed to be re-veng-ed; seeing the candle at the window one night, he hur-ri-ed to the spot. Finding her alone, he up-braid-ed her for de-sert-ing her race, and loving a white man; and, raising his tom-a-hawk, in a moment bur-i-ed it in her brain.

“Soon splashing oars were heard, and the panting lover was at the door. Wasson stood with up-rai-sed arm to strike him to the ground, when footsteps were heard along the pathway. The fam-i-ly had re-turn-ed. Both men made their escape; the In-di-an maiden was ten-der-ly laid in her early grave by her foster parents. But Wasson had only half done his work. He lay in wait for Major Campbell, and, when Pon-ti-ac kept him as a hostage, the brave found his op-por-tun-i-ty. He mur-der-ed the Eng-lish-man, and was thus sat-is-fi-ed.”

No one would live in the mill after that, and strange stories were told of a dark maiden, who was often seen on misty nights, standing at the window with a lighted candle in her hand.

On the 30th of May, the people in the fort found themselves almost out of pro-vis-ions, and great was their joy when the news came, that twenty-two bat-teaux, laden with guns and stores, and car-ry-ing a company of troops, were in sight. These boats were cap-tur-ed by Pon-ti-ac's forces in the Detroit River, the stores taken, and ev-er-y soldier put to death.

For sixty days and nights the little gar-ri-son was on duty, sleeping in their clothes, with guns in hand to be ready at a moment's warning.

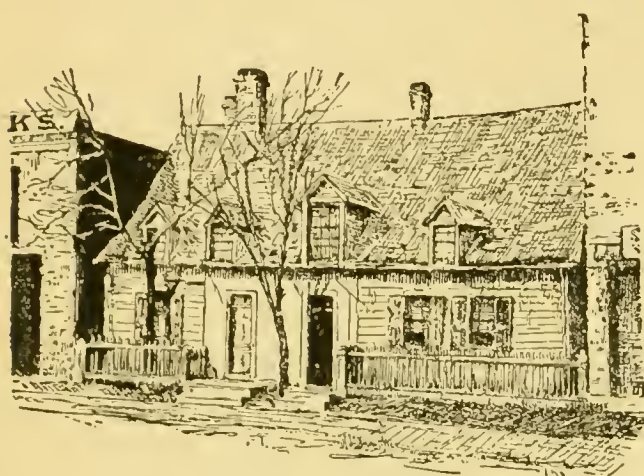
On the 29th of July, an-oth-er fleet of boats ap-pear-ed with three hundred reg-u-lars, under com-mand of Captain Dalzell. On landing, Dalzell wished to attack Pon-ti-ac's forces im-me-di-ate-ly; but Major Gladwyn hes-i-ta-ted, well-knowing the sol-dier-ly tactics of Pon-ti-ac, and the ad-vant-age the In-di-ans had over the gar-ri-son in thor-ough-ly knowing the country; but Dalzell in-sist-ing, the com-man-dant fi-nal-ly con-sent-ed.

Pon-ti-ac, by some mys-te-ri-ous means, had heard of the pro-pos-ed attack, and placing his men behind the bluffs o-ver-look-ing the river road—the only road the British forces could take to reach him—he pa-tient-ly a-wait-ed the attack. At two o'clock on the morning of July 31st, 1763, Captain Dalzell, with two hundred and fifty men, of the Fifty-fifth and Eight-i-eth Reg-u-lars, marched out of the fort, and took the road leading to Pon-ti-ac's camp, on Parent Creek, about two and a-half miles distant from the fort.

The night was very dark and hot. Lieu-ten-ant Brown had been sent forward with twenty-five men. Meeting an am-bush-ed force of Pon-ti-ac's braves, at the bridge crossing the creek, half of Brown's skirmish-line fell dead, pierced with arrows, or killed

with bullets from some of the armed In-di-ans. Captain Dalzell hearing the firing, hur-ri-ed to the front; but Pon-ti-ac and all his savage army had dis-ap-pear-ed.

In the darkness the English could not pursue the In-di-ans, and were forced to retreat. Their re-



OLD CAMPEAU HOUSE.

treat had been ex-pect-ed by Pon-ti-ac when he placed a line of his men along the bluffs. The English were al-low-ed to pass along the road a short distance, when they were fired upon; some killed, and more wound-ed. The re-main-ing

troops slowly re-treat-ed, keeping the sav-a-ges at a distance until near the house of M. Campeau, when Major Rogers, hur-ry-ing from the fort with fresh troops, took pos-ses-sion, keeping the In-di-ans at bay until the main body reached the fort.

It was eight o'clock in the morning, when the dis-heart-en-ed English again en-ter-ed the gates of Fort Pont-char-train. They had lost two of-fi-cers—Captains Dalzell and Gray—seventy men killed and forty wounded. Thus ended the fiercely con-test-ed battle of what is now called “Bloody Run.”

The siege of the fort con-tin-u-ed for six months, and it was only when Pon-ti-ac learned that a treaty of peace had re-al-ly been signed by the French King, Louis XV., and the King of England, George III., that the be-sieg-ers began to dis-ap-pear.

Pon-ti-ac sought refuge among the Miamis. He tried to persuade the French of New Orleans to assist him in con-tin-u-ing hos-til-i-ties against the English, but failed. He was shot near St. Louis, in 1769, by an In-di-an of the Il-li-nois tribe, for a bar-rel of whisky.

Of the thirteen forts Pon-ti-ac had planned to take, only three es-cap-ed—Fort Pont-char-train, at Detroit, Forts Ni-ag-a-ra and Du Quesne.

An old white-wood tree, known at Detroit as the “Pon-ti-ac Tree,” still stands to com-mem-o-rate the death of Captain Dalzell and his band of fallen heroes, at the battle of “Bloody Run.”

CHAPTER XVI.

MICH-I-GAN UNDER BRITISH RULE.

At the time of the English oc-cu-pa-tion of what is now Mich-i-gan, aside from the trading-posts of Detroit, Mack-i-naw, St. Joseph's and the Missions,

the country was little less than a dense wil-der-ness. The troops of the gar-ri-sons, after Pon-ti-ac's attempt to destroy them, were in-creas-ed somewhat—that of Detroit re-ceiv-ing two hundred fresh men, under command of Gen-er-al Bradstreet, later, better known to the A-mer-i-can col-o-nists. The English now began to re-al-ize the power the In-di-ans had for harming their fur-trading in-ter-ests, and in-vi-ted them to a council, at which they were of-fer-ed patches of gov-ern-ment land about the forts to settle on, and urged to adopt the ways of pleas-ant-ness and peace.

Little change was made in the laws gov-ern-ing the French settlers; they were not made to feel un-com-fort-a-ble; they could worship God, earn their living, and enjoy themselves just the same as they had done under the rule of the French King; but they were not all sat-is-fi-ed. Their love for their old country, *La Belle France*, was still strong, and many of them could not like the English com-man-dants quite as well as they had liked their own.

About this time, sev-er-al of the merchants who had been in the fur-trade, formed a com-pa-ny and called it the “Northwest Fur Com-pa-ny.” Some of the share-hold-ers were made agents to bring goods from England, store them in Mon-tre-al, and af-ter-ward send to each post what was needed to buy furs

from the In-di-ans, and supply the men in their employ. There was an-oth-er com-pa-ny called "The Hudson Bay Fur Com-pa-ny," char-ter-ed in 1669, by Charles II. of England. After the English took Can-a-da, their op-e-ra-tions were not so cir-cum-scrib-ed. The men of both com-pa-nies were ruf-fi-an-ly fellows, who did much to corrupt the In-di-ans, making them first drunkards, and then robbing them of their furs. They were always fighting each other, because neither of the com-pa-nies could tell just where their grants begun or ended, and it was claimed each was con-stant-ly en-croach-ing upon the ter-ri-to-ry of the other.

Matters fi-nal-ly came to such a pass, that Lord Selkirk, at the head of the Hudson Bay Com-pa-ny, brought about a union of the two, which ended the fur-trader's war.

An-oth-er com-pa-ny was formed after the Rev-o-lu-tion, called the "A-mer-i-can Fur Com-pa-ny." John Jacob Astor was at the head of this, and Mack-i-naw was one of their prin-ci-pal col-lect-ing stations.

To show you what havoc these com-pa-nies made of the wild an-i-mals of the northwest, it is re-port-ed that in the year 1774, the "Northwestern" sold 182,250 skins. Of this number 106,000 were beaver. If one com-pa-ny killed so many, what could have been the number shot by the two others, and va-ri-ous

private persons? “And what,” you ask, “was done with all this fur?”

Well, we are told, that the great armies which left Europe to take the Holy Land from the Turks,



JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

between 1095 and 1272, wore caps made of cat-skins. Somewhere in the East these Crusaders learned the art of felting, and when they returned home they made wool hats by this process. These hats, after a little use in the sun and rain, looked much the worse for wear. And so a felt-hatter thought of using fur instead

of wool. It was a happy idea for him, but one not so happy for the poor animals of the northwest. These fur hats kept their shape and color better, and, of course, cost three or four times as much as

the wool ones, so that only the rich could buy them. The workmen who wanted to work all the time, thought if fur could be found in a-bun-dance somewhere, these hats could be made cheaper, and more



THE TRAPPER.

people could have them. This was one of the objects set forth by Champlain in his efforts to equip ships for traffic with the In-di-ans. The hatters of France wanted more work, and the people cheaper hats.

When you think that ev-er-y man, almost, in the two tem-per-ate zones, came to wear a hat made of

some sort of fur, you can have an idea of what was done with all the fur taken from A-mer-i-ca to Europe. Vast fortunes were made in this in-dus-try. You have all heard of John Jacob Astor's wealth. He was a poor German boy, who came to New York when about nineteen years old. In the ship coming across the At-lan-tic was a man who was a fur-buyer, or hunter, who became friendly with the young em-i-grant, and told him all about the money that could be made in the fur bus-i-ness. As soon as John Jacob landed, he found a man who wanted a fur-beater. He took the place, and all the money he earned he put away until he had enough to become a fur-dealer himself. After a while he mar-ri-ed a ca-pa-ble woman, who became in time very expert in the se-lec-tion of furs. In a few years Mr. Astor had ships on all the seas, car-ry-ing his wares and bringing the mer-chan-dise of foreign countries to his stores in A-mer-i-ca. He died worth sev-er-al million, and is said to have made the remark, "that had the col-o-ny he es-tab-lish-ed at As-to-ri-a, suc-ceed-ed, he would have been the richest man in the whole world."

Im-mi-gra-tion to Mich-i-gan was not en-cour-aged while these fur com-pa-nies held pos-ses-sion of the northwest. They wished to keep the forests as they were that their trade might not be in-jur-ed.

All sorts of stories were told about the country; "the climate was un-health-y, the soil un-pro-duc-tive, and life very unsafe, owing to the un-friend-li-ness of the sav-a-ges, and the great number of wild beasts." Ev-er-y-bod-y dealt in beaver skins; ev-er-y-bod-y was in some way con-nect-ed with the fur trade.

In 1773, an attempt was made to mine the silver and copper ore of the south shore of Lake Su-pe-ri-or. A large piece of silver ore, found near Mack-i-naw, had been car-ri-ed to England and placed in the British Mu-se-um.

With the ex-pec-ta-tion of making a great deal of money, the Duke of Glou-ces-ter joined a com-pa-ny, bought a sloop, and sent miners to take out the ore; but the venture could not be made prof-it-a-ble then, owing to the lack of nec-es-sa-ry ma-chin-er-y, and so the miners went back to their beaver-hunting again.

The British, while in pos-ses-sion of Mich-i-gan, built new barracks, and greatly im-prov-ed the tra-ding-posts; but they were very strict in their dis-ci-pline. As an il-lus-tra-tion: When Sir William Ham-il-ton was com-mand-ing at Detroit, in 1774, a man had been caught stealing some beaver-skins from a fur dealer. A female slave had also stolen a purse with a small sum of money in it. They were both tried, found guilty, and sen-tenc-ed to be "hanged,

hanged, hanged and strangled until they be dead, on the King's domain," and the sentence was car-ri-ed out.

It would seem from this, that a very great value was put upon a beaver-skin in those days—more value than upon human life.

CHAPTER XVII.

MICH-I-GAN IN THE REV-O-LU-TION-A-RY WAR.

When the thirteen col-o-nies of A-mer-i-ca, in 1776, de-clar-ed their in-de-pend-ence of Great Britain, Mich-i-gan was too far away from the seat of war for her people to take an active part, had they been so dis-pos-ed, and I doubt if there were very many Yankee rebels then, at any of her forts. The fur-traders and soldiers were all in sym-pa-thy with the English. As the French—so the English claimed—had urged the In-di-ans to attack them, when Can-a-da fell into their hands, so the English now formed al-li-an-ces with the In-di-ans to attack the col-o-nists.

The In-di-ans were as-sem-bled at Detroit and Mack-i-naw, given arms, and told to go, burn and destroy the prop-er-ty of all dis-loy-al subjects on the frontiers of New York, Penn-syl-va-ni-a and Vir-gin-i-a.

It is said by some his-to-ri-ans, that the English paid a good price for ev-er-y “Yankee” scalp that was brought to the forts. At one council, an In-di-an is known to have handed the British com-man-dant a stick four feet long, strung with col-o-nists’ scalps, at the same time saying:

“Now, father, here is what has been done with the hatchet you gave me. I have made the use of it you told me to make. Yes, and I found it sharp enough, too.”

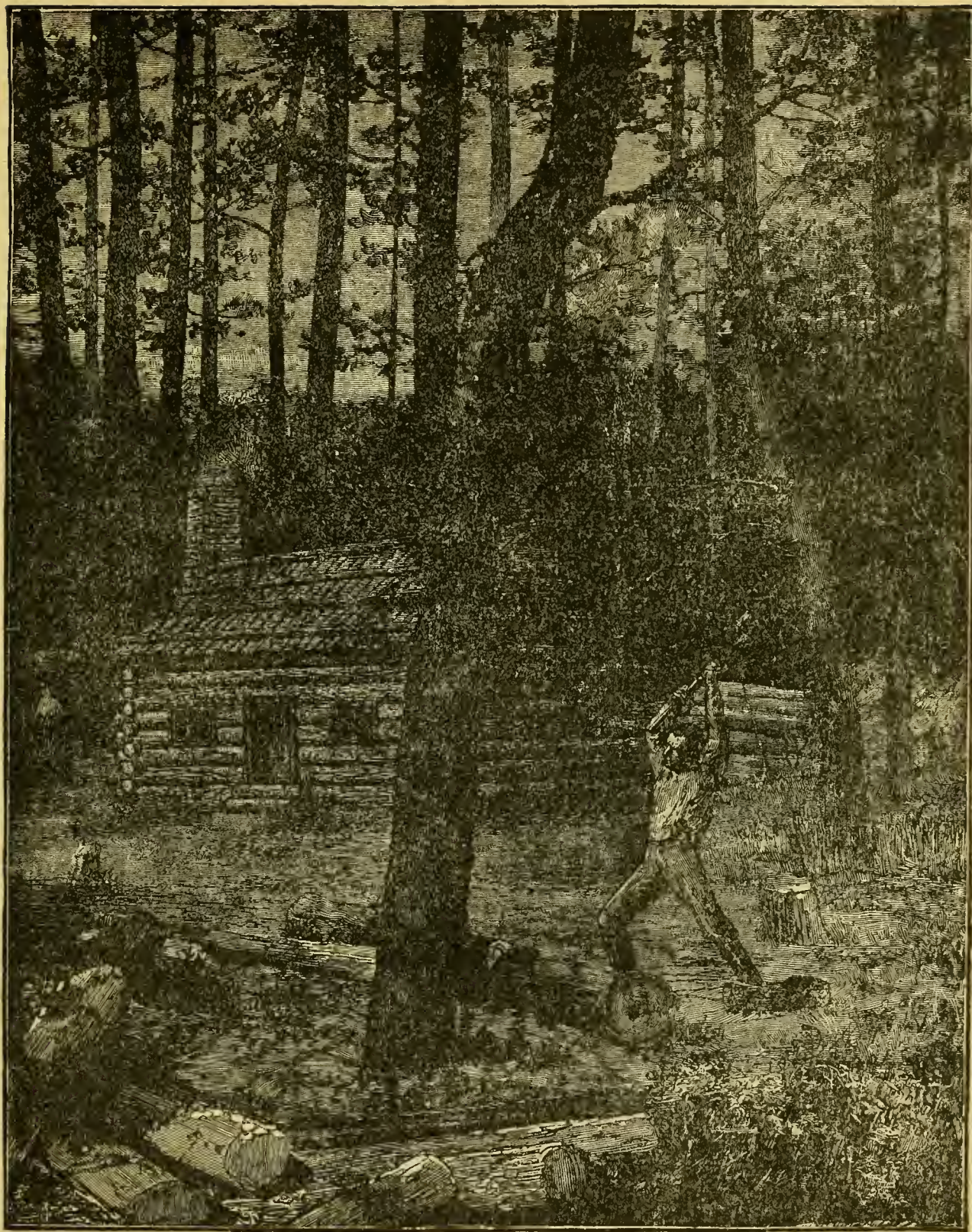
When the war closed, in 1783, a treaty was signed by the King of England and the of-fi-cers of the New Re-pub-lic, which pro-vid-ed that in 1796, all the forts in the northwest should be va-ca-ted by the English. But, before the time had e-laps-ed, the people of the new States began to talk about going to the Great Northwest to settle, and the soldiers of the Rev-o-lu-tion-a-ry War thought they ought to have some of the land to pay them for their ser-vi-ces to the Re-pub-lic. The country northwest of O-hi-o was then made into a ter-ri-to-ry, and Arthur St. Clair ap-point-ed as Gov-ern-or.

A few years before the time for the English to give up the forts in Mich-i-gan, it began to be said they did not intend to keep their promise. Baron von Steuben was sent by Wash-ing-ton to Quebec, to arrange for the change; but he was told they would

not be given up, and that certain debts due to English-men from A-mer-i-cans, had not been paid as agreed upon.

About this time, the In-di-ans, en-cour-aged by the British, formed themselves into a con-fed-er-a-cy, and de-clar-ed they would never allow the A-mer-i-cans to oc-cu-py the land of the Great Northwest. The English had made them believe the A-mer-i-cans were about to steal from them ev-er-y foot of land they owned. When a large farm had been sold to a settler, the In-di-ans claimed they were drunk when they signed the deed, and asked it back.

About this time, the English had trouble in getting sailors to man her ships. She would not pay as high wages as the A-mer-i-cans did, and when her ships en-ter-ed the At-lan-tic ports of Boston and New York, the sailors would often run away, and hire out in A-mer-i-can ships. To get them back, the English would stop any vessel be-long-ing to an A-mer-i-can, and search it. This the captains and owners did not like, and asked the Gov-ern-ment to put a stop to it. So you see that although the col-on-ists had gained their in-de-pend-ence, there was still all sorts of things done by England to annoy them. They hated to let them go, and thought, with the help of the In-di-ans and tor-ies, to whip them back after a time.



EARLY SETTLERS IN MICH-I-GAN.

The Col-o-ni-al Gov-ern-ment, at the close of its seven years' war for in-de-pend-ence, as you all know, found itself very poor. It had no money to pay the soldiers, and so gave them land warrants; and after the soldiers had the warrants, they wanted then to settle on the frontier. Ac-cord-ing-ly, all that country northwest of the O-hi-o River, was called the Northwest Ter-ri-to-ry, and the lands could be sold very cheap to settlers, as well as be used to pay the soldiers. The first Gov-ern-or ap-point-ed by the Col-o-ni-al Congress, for all this ter-ri-to-ry, was Gen-er-al Arthur St. Clair. In-di-an-a was carved out of this great tract of country in 1800, and became a Ter-ri-to-ry. Mich-i-gan fol-low-ed in 1805.

Thomas Jef-fer-son was Pres-i-dent at this time. He bought from France, while Na-pò-leon was Em-per-or, an-oth-er large tract of country, ex-tend-ing from New Mex-i-co to British A-mer-i-ca, and from the Mis-sis-sip-pi River to the Rocky Mountains.

So now the people of the new States could well say to the Old World, "Come over and settle with us. We have land enough for us, and will give you all a farm." Although England had agreed to our oc-cu-py-ing Mich-i-gan's forts and trading-posts in 1796, when the time came, and Gen-er-al Wayne's troops en-ter-ed Detroit, and, for the first time, the stars and stripes floated from the flag-staff of the fort,

the British soldiers were so angry at being compelled to leave, that they filled the gar-ri-son well with stones, broke all the windows of the barracks, locked the gates of the fort, and gave the keys to an old negro.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MICH-I-GAN IN THE WAR OF 1812.

The In-di-an Chief, Te-cum-seh, now tried to help the English to hold the northwest, as Pon-ti-ac had tried to help the French do the same thing, fifty years before. He formed an In-di-an con-fed-er-a-cy, or union, with all the tribes he could get to join him. Te-cum-seh was a Shawnee Chief. He had a brother who called himself a "Prophet." He told the In-di-ans to give up ev-er-y kind of food and liquor the whites had taught them to use and drink. He called the chiefs of the nu-mer-ous tribes to-gether, and told them Te-cum-seh, their greatest friend, had sent him to tell them about a dream he had had. 'Te-cum-seh had met the Great Spirit a short time before. The Great Spirit had told him in con-fi-dence, that He was the Father of the French, the English, the Spaniards, and the In-di-ans; but

the A-mer-i-cans had had no maker. They were made of the scum of the great water while it was troubled by the Evil Spirt.' In order to brush away "this scum" from off the face of the earth, that it might



CAPTURE OF A WHITE SETTLER'S WIFE.

be peopled with their friends, Te-cum-seh had sent for the braves of ev-er-y tribe to join him in a war against this very common people. The whole ter-ri-to-ry of Mich-i-gan at this time—1809—con-tain-ed only about five thousand in-hab-it-ants.

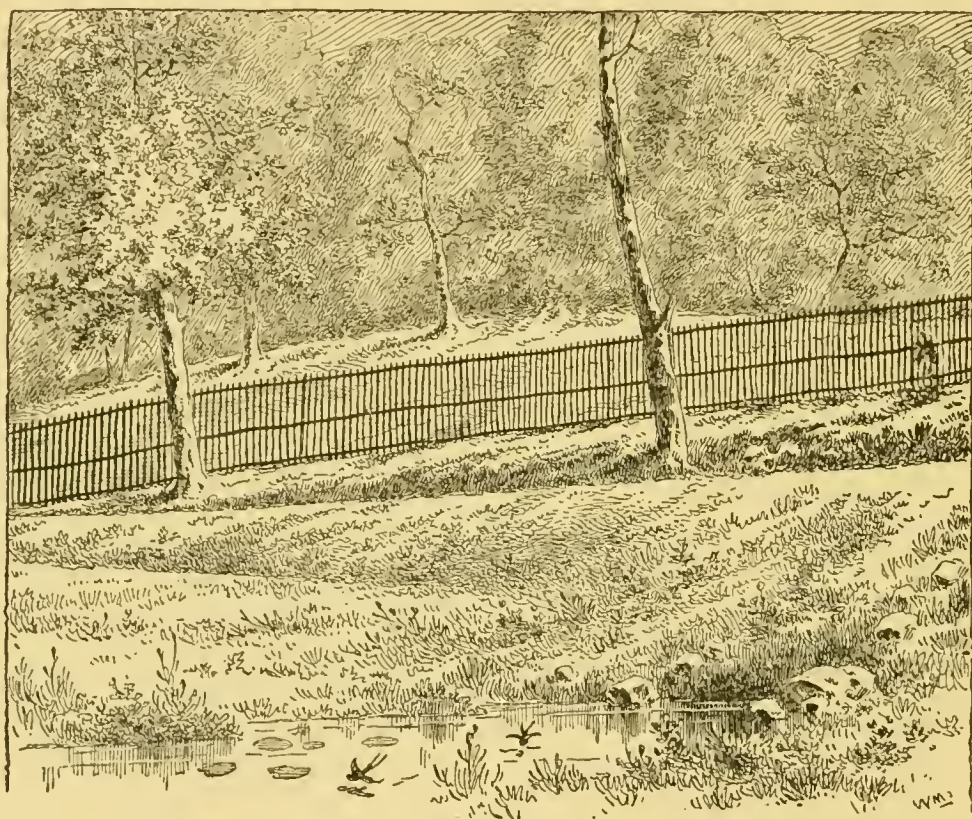
In 1811, Te-cum-seh's war-ri-ors were known to be ready for an attack upon the frontier towns. They

had built a blacksmith's shop upon the Kal-a-ma-zoo River, where hundreds of scalping-knives and hatchets had been made for the sav-a-ges. The children and squaws had raised corn enough during the summer to last them on their marches. The forts of Detroit, Fort Wayne, Chi-ca-go, St. Louis and Vincenn-es, were those se-lect-ed by Te-cum-seh to be first at-tack-ed.

The Gov-ern-ment being in-form-ed of Te-cum-seh's plans, sent twelve hundred troops into O-hi-o, which number was here in-creas-ed to sixteen hundred by vol-un-teers. Gen-er-al Har-ri-son was in charge of a Di-vi-sion at this time. While Te-cum-seh was in the South telling the Creek and Sem-i-nole In-di-ans that the English would aid them in driving the A-mer-i-cans from off the face of the earth, Gen-er-al Har-ri-son marched on the Prophet's village, and demand-ed the dis-per-sion of the In-di-ans to their own homes; that the mur-der-ers of white men be handed over to him, and all the plunder taken in their dep-re-da-tions upon the settlers be given up. This request was not agreed to, and the Prophet at-tack-ed Gen-er-al Har-ri-son at Tip-pe-ca-noe, on the Wabash River, No-vem-ber 7th, 1811.

It is said an In-di-an named "Lynx Eye," and a pretty squaw, car-ri-ed the first news to Gen-er-al Har-ri-son, at Vincenn-es, of the Prophet's plan to

attack him. During his Brother Te-cum-seh's absence, the va-ri-ous bands, with the Prophet as com-mand-er, had as-sem-bled and en-camp-ed about four miles up the Tip-pe-ca-noe River, in In-di-an-a.



THE WAY THE TIP-PE-CA-NOE BATTLE-GROUND LOOKS TO DAY

At the junction of the Wabash and Tip-pe-ca-noe, near where La-fay-ette now stands, Gen-er-al Har-ri-son qui-et-ly landed with a force of eight hundred men. Scouts were soon after sent out to dis-cov-er what the Prophet in-tend-ed to do. After killing a Shawnee sen-ti-nel, the scout got near enough to the

camp to hear the fol-low-ing con-ver-sa-tion between two ren-e-gade hunters: "The Gov'ner will get torch and knife to-mor-row night. The Prophet's afraid when Te-cum-seh comes back he won't fight, and the tribes are crazy to take ev-er-y white scalp on the border." When the scout came back and told Gen-er-al Har-ri-son what he had heard, the Gen-er-al hoped the attack would be made while Te-cum-seh was away, because he was sure then of winning a vic-to-ry.

The white settlers were told of the expected attack. Har-ri-son's camp was for-ti-fi-ed. Col-o-nel Boyd had placed in front of each of the breast-works a pile of dry wood, wet with tur-pen-tine, the night of the ex-pect-ed attack. A little before dawn the camp was a-rous-ed by a line of In-di-ans coming through the woods, bearing blazing torches, marching to the music of a drum and their wild war-song.

A friendly In-di-an, named Dead Shot, standing near Gen-er-al Har-ri-son at the time, said: "That is not a true assault. They will attack from the water side."

After waving their torches, and ending their music with a loud shout, ev-er-y light was sud-den-ly put out. Then Gen-er-al Har-ri-son or-der-ed the pile of dry wood kindled, when, by the blazing light, the whole woods seemed to be cov-er-ed with dark,

crawling forms. The A-mer-i-cans rose up and fired a volley from over the breast-works. Some of the In-di-ans were killed, but hundreds now sprang to their feet, and a shower of arrows swept the top of the wooden breast-works. Had not a great number of loop-holes been made in the in-trench-ments, at which men were placed to keep up a constant fire, and men with rifles clubbed to knock ev-er-y dark head that ap-pear-ed above the wall, the In-di-ans would have swarmed over the in-trench-ments and scalped ev-er-y man of Har-ri-son's force. As it was, many were wounded and killed in the for-ti-fi-ca-tion. When the In-di-ans found they could not take the works, they ran down to the river and sent clouds of fi-er-y arrows against the wooden walls. Soon these blazing arrows were sticking all over its sides, but the damp wood would not burn.

The Prophet, who had seen the failure of the first attack, now or-der-ed his reserve force forward at the quick beat of the drum. When eighty rods from the works, the river force came up and joined the Prophet's column in the rear. Now the Chief's forces num-ber-ed two or three thousand, and it was feared they would take the works by storm.

The order was given for the troops in the fort to form in line, one after the other, and as the front line dis-charg-ed their pieces, they were to quickly crawl

back, reload and reform in the rear. Again and again the lines fired and re-treat-ed, and great fear was be-gin-ning to be felt as to the outcome of the battle, when a cry was heard along the savage line, "The Prophet is slain! The Prophet is slain!" From a thousand ter-ri-fi-ed lips were soon heard moaning and cries of woe. The battle was ended. The braves turned their backs up-on Gen. Har-ri-son's works, and sought the spot where lay their Chief.



THE BATTLE-SCARRED OAK OF TIP-PE-CANOE.

Taking him up they began a hasty retreat. It was af-ter-ward learned that the Prophet had not been killed, but his shoulder had been shat-ter-ed. He lived some years after, but the In-di-ans had lost con-fi-dence in him.

Te-cum-seh, on his return, only saw that his grand In-di-an league had been o-ver-thrown by the rash-ness of the Prophet, and he was very angry at him. To revenge himself on the A-mer-i-cans, he joined the British forces with about five hundred braves, the next year after the U-ni-ted States had de-clar-ed war upon England.

When Mich-i-gan was made a ter-ri-to-ry, in 1805, Gen-er-al Hull was ap-point-ed Gov-ern-or, as well as Mil-i-tary Com-mand-er. The seat of gov-ern-ment was at Detroit. Gen-er-al Hull was in com-mand of the frontier forces which en-camp-ed at Springwells near Detroit, on July 4th, 1812. On the 5th, the army crossed the river and landed at Sandwich, in Can-a-da. Hull was not mo-lest-ed by the English, as he ex-pect-ed. His army made a fine display while marching through the town, the French settlers waving their hand-ker-chiefs with ev-i-dent sat-is-fac-tion as they passed along, and crying out, "We like the Yankees. We need not run from them."

After in-trench-ing the camp, Gen-er-al Hull issued a proc-la-ma-tion to the Can-a-di-ans, telling them, "if they staid at home and at-tend-ed to their own bus-i-ness, their prop-er-ty would not be touched; but, if a white man was taken fighting with an In-di-an, both would be in-stant-ly put to death."

Here Gen-er-al Hull re-main-ed a month, when, hearing the In-di-ans had formed a junction with the British; that they were swarming in great numbers to join the English, and Fort Mack-i-naw had been sur-ren-der-ed, he there-up-on de-cid-ed, on the 7th of August, 1812, to return to Detroit. He was blamed by his of-fi-cers for this, as his army was a third larger than the English at this point, and they thought he ought to have given them battle. But if Gen-er-al Hull was blamed for not at-tack-ing his en-e-my on English ground, much more was he con-demn-ed for giving up Detroit to a handful of the English, on the 15th of the same month. The reason he gave was this: he was short of am-mu-ni-tion and pro-vis-ions, and feared the mas-sa-cre of the whole set-tle-ment should he try to stand a siege.

At the close of the war, he was tried before a court martial at Al-ba-ny, New York, upon three charges—treason, cow-ard-ice, and neglect of duty. The charge of treason was not proven, but the other two charges were, and the Gen-er-al was or-der-ed to be shot. But on account of his ser-vi-ces in the War for In-de-pend-ence, and his age, Pres-i-dent Mad-ison re-fus-ed to agree to this pun-ish-ment, and merely dis-miss-ed him from the army.

The Gen-er-al's friends claimed, that at his age, the civil and mil-i-ta-ry duties of the post were too

great for him, but a more honest man and a greater pat-ri-ot never lived. The of-fi-cers in an army have their jeal-ous-ies and desire for revenge, just as other men, and we are not always able to tell who is right and who is wrong.

The naval fight between six English and nine A-mer-i-can battle-ships at the head of Lake Erie, on Sep-tem-ber 10th, 1813, was won by the A-mer-i-cans. It was after this battle that Com-mo-dore Perry sent his famous dispatch to Gen-er-al Har-ri-son, "We have met the en-e-my, and they are ours." This battle did much to show the English that the A-mer-i-cans were in earnest, and would never "give up the ship."

After Gen-er-al Hull was cap-tur-ed, Gen-er-al Har-ri-son was in command of the army of the West. He was ex-pect-ed to take back Mich-i-gan. His army crossed over to Càn-a-da in Perry's ships on the 27th of Sep-tem-ber, 1813. Upon reaching Malden, he found the town empty. Gen-er-al Proctor, the English of-fi-cer, with most of his force, had run away. His ally, old Te-cum-seh, was so angry at this, that he com-par-ed Gen-er-al Proctor "to an old fat dog, who could bark loud enough, but at the first sound of a gun, would sneak off with his tail between his legs."

Malden being but eighteen miles from Sandwich,

op-po-site Detroit, the way was clear to retake the fort, which was qui-et-ly done on the 28th of Sep-tem-ber, 1813.

On the 5th of Oc-to-ber, Gen-er-al Har-ri-son's forces o-ver-took Gen-er-al Proctor at Mo-ra-vi-an Town, on the River Thames, and in ten minutes took his whole force, with the ex-cep-tion of sev-en-teen of-fi-cers, two hundred and thirty-nine men, and himself. His brave ally, Te-cum-seh, who had com-mand-ed the right wing of Proctor's army, and who had been wounded in holding the passage of the river, took off his u-ni-form and laid aside his sword. He knew he would be cap-tur-ed sooner or later. Putting on his hunting clothes he now fought with re-new-ed en-er-gy.

Seeing Col-on-el Johnson, of the A-mer-i-can forces, wounded, and struggling under his fallen horse, Te-cum-seh ran forward to tom-a-hawk him, when the Col-on-el took aim and shot the Chief dead on the spot. Mack-i-naw re-main-ed in the hands of the English until peace was de-clar-ed in 1814.

Col-on-el Lewis Cass, who had been ap-point-ed, in 1807, U-ni-ted States Marshal of the State of O-hi-o, by Thomas Jef-fer-son, and pro-mo-ted in 1813, by Pres-i-dent Mad-i-son, to the rank of Brig-a-dier-Gen-er-al in the reg-u-lar army, was now made Gov-ern-or of the Ter-ri-to-ry of Mich-i-gan.

In fol-low-ing the his-to-ry of Detroit, you will un-der-stand what an im-port-ant po-si-tion this city oc-cu-pies. It was taken pos-ses-sion of by the French in 1701; trans-fer-red to England in 1760; given up to the U-ni-ted States, by England, in 1796; sur-ren-der-ed to the English in 1812, and re-taken by the U-ni-ted States in 1813. Its pos-ses-sion has been the object of many battles, and num-bers of bloody mas-sa-cres. It is the key to the great water-way of the Con-ti-nent, and must always belong to the U-ni-ted States.

It was, while standing upon an A-mer-i-can ship during one of the bom-bard-ments of the War of 1812, that Francis S. Key wrote "The Star Span-gled Banner." Five times the flag waving from the staff at Detroit has been changed. Is it not the wish of ev-er-y boy in the U-ni-ted States, that the "Stars and Stripes" at this place, may never again be sup-plant-ed by the Red Cross of England?

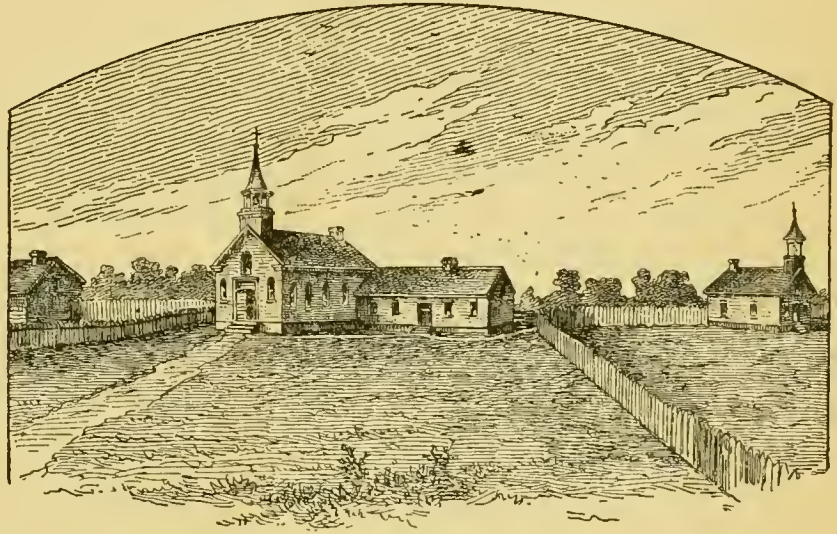
CHAPTER XIX.

MICH-I-GAN A STATE.

After Mich-i-gan's place in the Union of States had been won, her five thousand people found them-

selves poor, and therefore dis-content-ed. The war had left some households without a father to care for, or sons to protect them. What little progress had been made in tilling the land had been in-ter-rupt-ed by lack of la-bor-ers; there were no roads to travel upon, and the In-

di-ans were not any too friendly. They had been used to re-ceiv-ing presents from the French and Eng-lish, and looked to see the same custom car-ried out by the U-ni-
 ted States; but



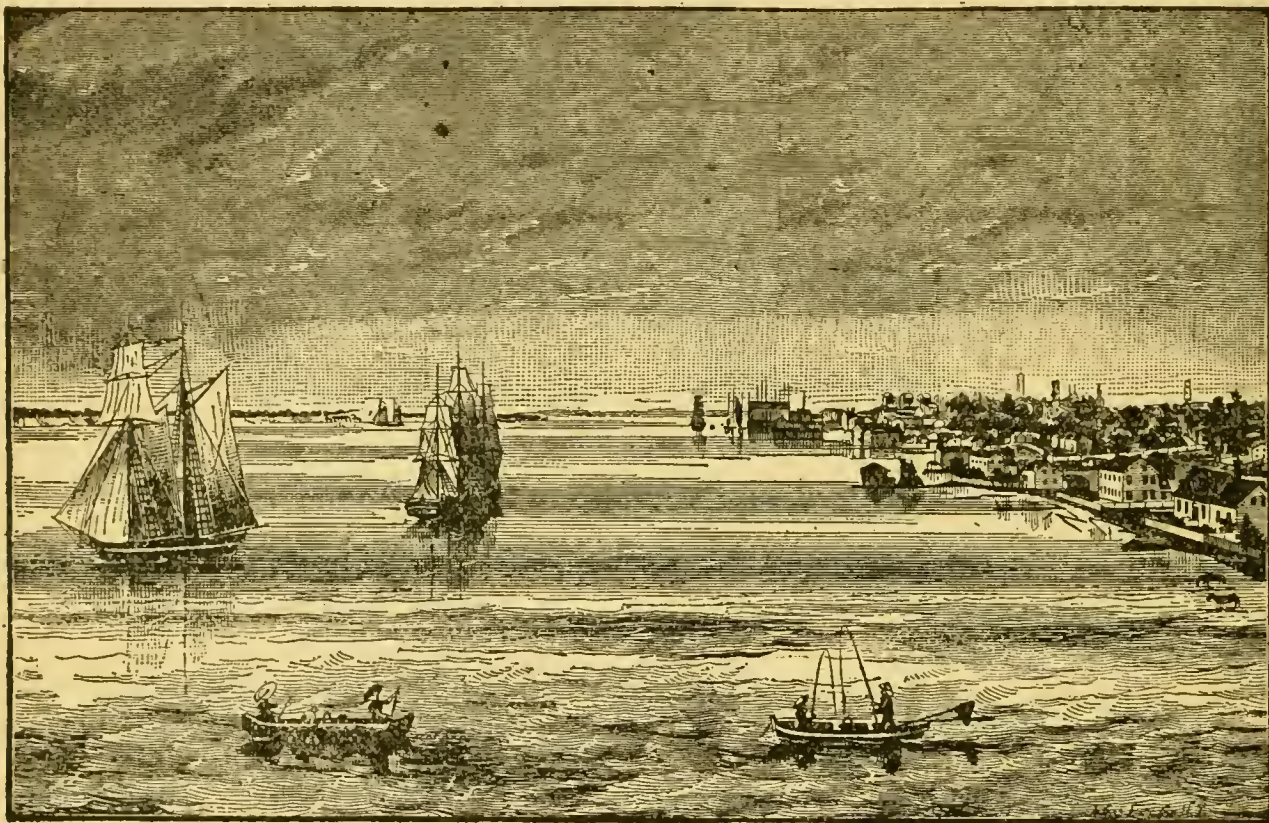
EARLY CHURCHES.

ROMAN CATH-O-LIC.

PRO-TEST-ANT.

the U-ni-
 ted States Gov-ern-ment was poor—it had nothing but land to give. After Lewis Cass was ap-point-ed Gov-ern-or of the ter-ri-to-ry, he heard the In-di-ans were dis-sat-is-fi-ed with the new order of things. In 1817, he called the tribes to-gether and per-suad-ed them to sign a treaty by which most of the land in O-hi-o, a part of In-di-an-a and much more of Mich-i-gan, was given up to the U-ni-
 ted States. This land could now be sold to settlers for a small sum, and with a clear title; the In-di-ans

having sold it would no more trouble the buyers. But, when the surveyors of the Government came to measure the public lands of the northwest, in their report they declared the land of Mich-i-



DETROIT IN 1838.

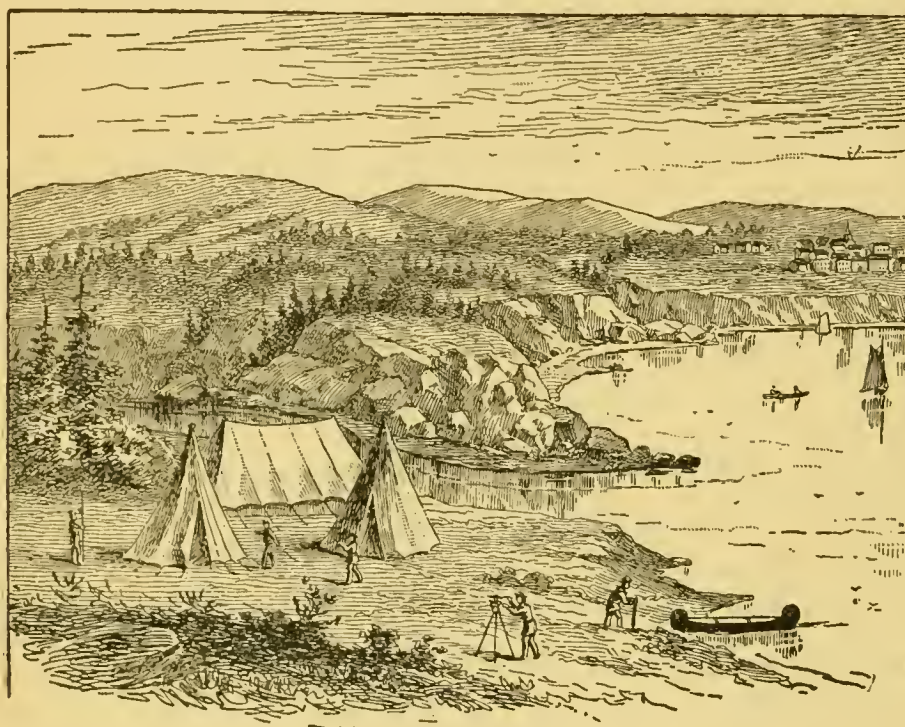
gan was not good enough to settle upon. They said it was covered with a poor kind of pine trees called "Tam-a-rack;" that the ter-ri-to-ry was full of dan-ger-ous marshes, cov-er-ed with high grass, which, if a man on horseback should try to travel over, they would both for-ev-er dis-ap-pear from sight. The soldiers of the Rev-o-lu-tion who were to be given

one hundred and sixty acres each, of these western lands, would take nothing in Mich-i-gan. There were about six million acres of this land. Gov-ern-or Cass knew these sur-vey-ors had not made a truthful report, and thought the best way to show its fal-si-ty was to try and get people to settle upon lands around Detroit; then these people would see that the soil of Mich-i-gan would grow ev-er-y-thing planted upon it, perhaps more a-bund-ant-ly than the lands in the States of O-hi-o and In-di-an-a, so fa-vor-a-bly re-port-ed on by the sur-vey-ors. The result was as Gov-ern-or Cass had ex-pect-ed. People began to flock to Detroit.

It was about this time (1819), a steamboat, called "Walk-in-the-Water," made its ap-pear-ance on the western lakes. It passed Detroit on its way to Mack-i-naw. This prom-is-ed the people quicker trans-por-ta-tion for what they raised on their land. A year after a census was taken, and Mich-i-gan was found to have a pop-u-la-tion of about nine thousand. But the people would only settle along the large rivers which were nav-i-ga-ble for boats.

Gov-ern-or Cass and a party of Mich-i-gan men wishing to explore the State, in order to report to Congress the truth con-cern-ing Mich-i-gan's nat-u-ral wealth, the wishes of the people for roads and harbors, started on their journey in May, 1819.

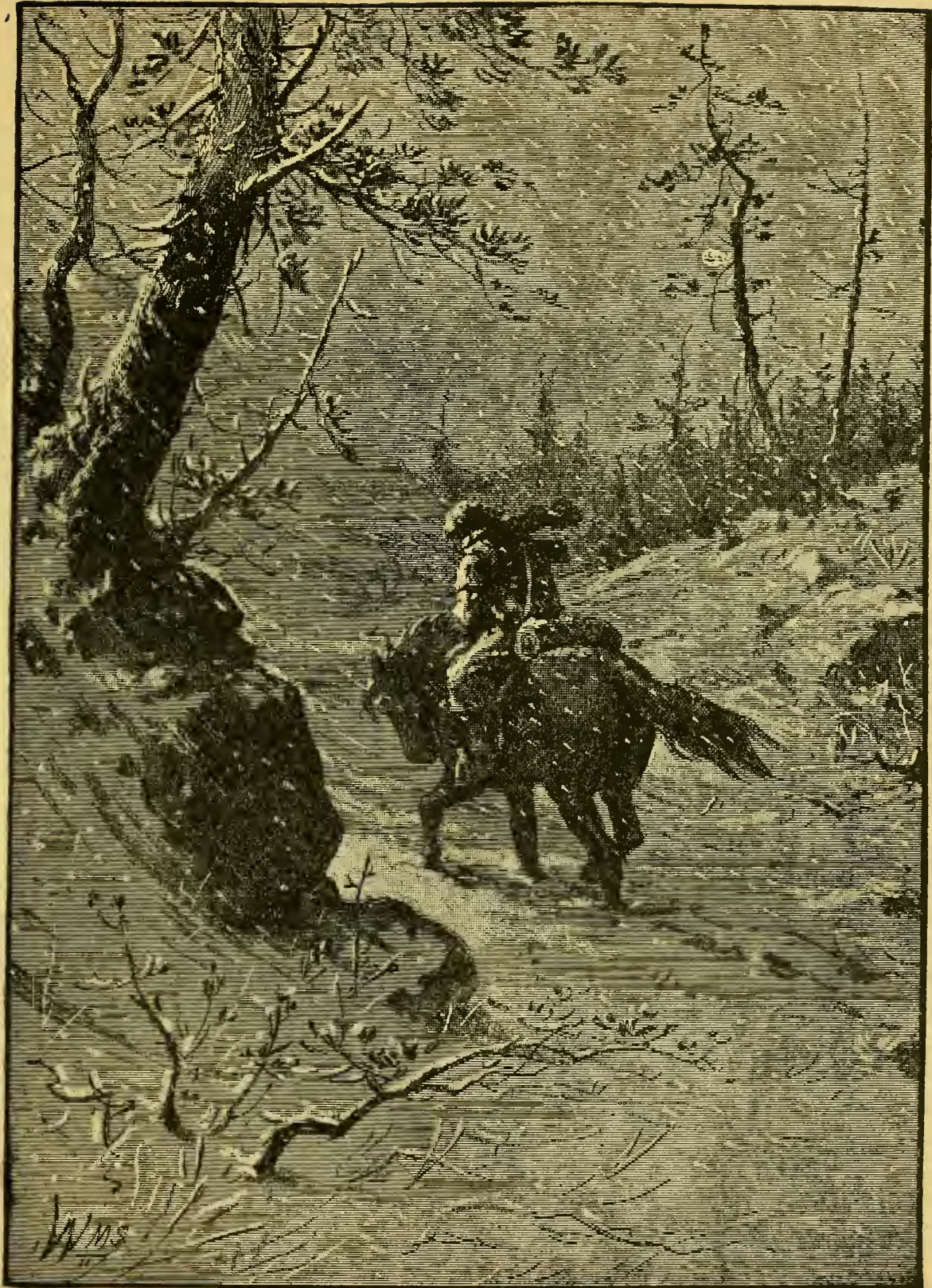
They trav-el-ed about four thousand miles; re-turn-ing in the summer, they ap-peal-ed to Congress for an ap-pro-pri-a-tion, and money was soon sent to build a good road between Detroit and the Mi-am-i



EX-PLOR-ING PARTY.

River, one be-tween Detroit and Chi-ca-go, and an-oth-er from Detroit to Fort Gratiot. The ter-ri-to-ry was then di-vid-ed into townships six miles square, and ev-er-y township into a section one

mile square. In 1824, the first Leg-is-la-tive Council met in Detroit. Gov-ern-or Cass read his message, and the people began to feel that they were a part of the Great Re-pub-lic. They talked about ev-er-y-thing they needed: schools; their hopes of soon be-ing able to work their mines; the true bound-a-ry line of their State; and many other things that men in-ter-est-ed in the growth of their State would think of.



EARLY SETTLER GOING TO MILL.

So great had been the change in public o-pin-ion con-cern-ing Mich-i-gan, after Gov-ern-or Cass' true report, that in 1830, the pop-u-la-tion amounted to thirty-five thousand, and four years after to eighty-seven thousand.

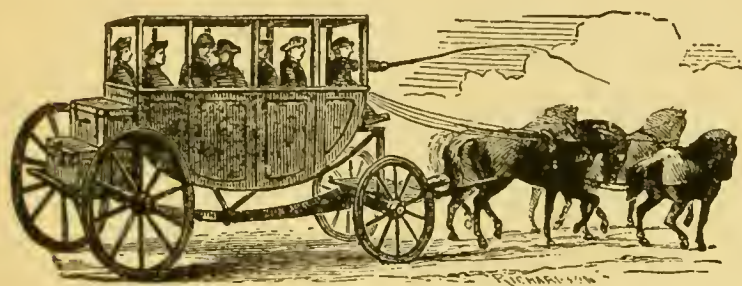
The com-ple-tion of the Erie Canal in 1825, had made a cheap and safe water-way for the em-i-grants from New York City to Detroit.

Gov-ern-or Cass had made so good a ter-ri-to-ri-al of-fi-cer,

that Gen-er-al Jackson, in 1831, asked him to come to Wash-ing-ton and be his Sec-re-ta-ry of War. A Mr. Porter was then ap-point-ed Gov-ern-or of Mich-i-gan. His sec-re-ta-ry was Stephen T. Mason, a boy but nineteen years old.

In 1835, the people began to think they had lived long enough in a ter-ri-to-ry. They wanted to live in a State. They thought they were old enough, and there were enough of them, to ask Congress to admit them to all the rights and ben-e-fits of the union of States.

Ac-cord-ing-ly, the Leg-is-la-tive Council passed an Act, al-low-ing eighty-nine del-e-gates to meet in con-ven-tion and form a State Con-sti-tu-tion. Be-



STAGE COACH OF THE OLD DAYS.

fore the people had been gov-ern-ed by the U-ni-ted States Con-sti-tu-tion. So they met in May of the same year, at Detroit, and by the fol-low-ing Oc-to-ber, the whole ma-chin-er-y of a State was in good running order. The next step to take was to elect a set of State of-fi-cers, and who do you think the peo-ple of Mich-i-gan e-lect-ed for their first Gov-ern-or? You may think they chose Gen-er-al Cass, for he was con-sid-er-ed the father of their ter-ri-to-ry. They could not have him, be-cause, you re-mem-ber, Gen-er-al Jackson had made him Sec-re-ta-ry of War. Perhaps, Gov-ern-or Porter. No; for he had died. Who, then? Well, they e-lect-ed the boy sec-re-ta-ry, Stephen T. Mason, for Gov-ern-or—a boy but twenty-two years old; the youngest man that ever oc-cu-pi-ed so high a place in the U-ni-ted States. Of course, the older men of the new State thought he was not ca-pa-ble of holding such a po-si-tion, and sent five of their best cit-i-zens to ask him to resign. This boy had been care-ful-ly reared in a Ken-tuck-y



HON. STEPHEN T. MASON.

home. His father was a Gen-er-al in the army. This boy had been e-lect-ed Gov-ern-or of the State of Mich-i-gan, and thought he could perform the duties of Gov-ern-or, though he was a boy. At least, he wished to try it. So, he met this com-mit-tee in a polite way, and lis-ten-ed to their request. In his re-fus-al to comply, he made this very sen-si-ble re-mark: "A young man," said he, "will be more ready to accept the advice of his elders than one of riper years."

This so pleased the com-mit-tee that they made no further ob-jec-tions, and ever after were his best friends.

Two years later he was re-ë-lect-ed to the same office, which was the way the people of Mich-i-gan took to tell him, they were well sat-is-fi-ed with the manner in which he had man-a-ged the great office of Gov-ern-or of their State. He died sud-den-ly, not many years after, in the city of New York.

When Mich-i-gan was about to become a State, trouble arose between herself and O-hi-o, as to her exact bound-a-y line. O-hi-o said Mich-i-gan intend-ed to steal from her a strip of land about eight miles in width, along her northern bound-a-ry. Mich-i-gan said she did not intend to steal what was her own al-read-y. At the eastern end of this strip stood the town of To-le-do, a port which Mich-i-gan

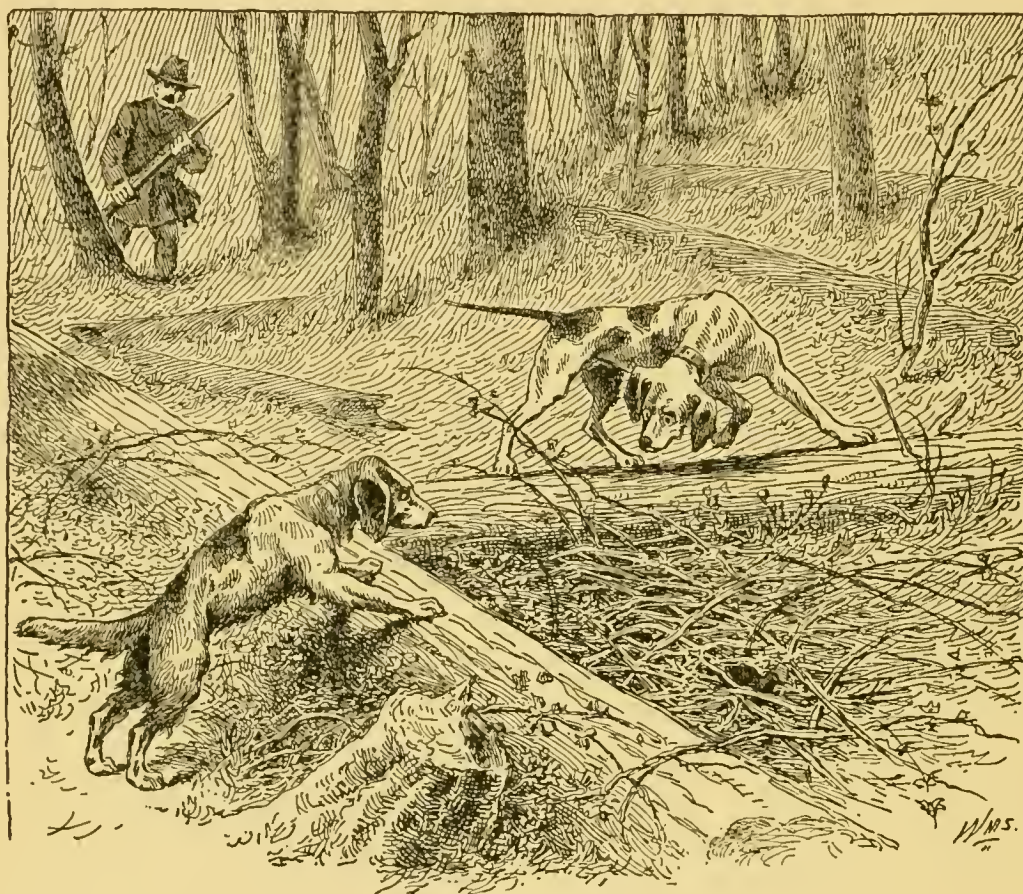
wanted to keep, and O-hi-o was de-ter-min-ed to have.

Gov-ern-or Mason, of Mich-i-gan, raised a force of a thousand men, and with Gen-er-al Brown, took pos-ses-sion of To-le-do. Gov-ern-or Lucas, of O-hi-o, had a force of but six hundred, and, therefore, was com-pell-ed to wait for more men before at-tack-ing the young Gov-ern-or, at To-le-do. So they sat and looked at each other over the border.

The Gov-ern-ment, at Wash-ing-ton, was then asked to settle the dispute, and after a bloodless warfare of more than a year, it came to the aid of the two States, by pro-pos-ing to give Mich-i-gan what is called the Upper Pe-nin-su-la, if Mich-i-gan would give to O-hi-o those poor little eight miles she thought she must have. Mich-i-gan took the Pe-nin-su-la, not knowing what a bargain she had made. Just look at the map, my young reader, and see which you would rather have.

Soon after Mich-i-gan was ad-mit-ted into the Union, im-mi-gra-tion began to flow toward the north-west; most of these im-mi-grants wished to buy land for farms. Then began what is now called the great "Land Fever." Farms were sold by blazed trees, and towns laid out upon the water of swamps. Ev-er-y-bod-y that had money bought a quarter-section, and those that had none, bor-row-ed some to start a

village at the junction of two rivers or a cross-roads. The doctor, the preacher, the lawyer, the teacher, ev-er-y-bod-y, spec-u-la-ted in land. Some were suc-



SPORTS OF EARLY SETTLERS.

cess-ful and some were not; those that were not, gen-er-al-ly went to other new States, or "further West."

The first printing-press brought to Mich-i-gan was the prop-er-ty of a Cath-o-lic priest, the Rev. Ga-bri-el Richard, af-ter-ward Vicar-Gen-er-al of the Roman Cath-o-lic Church. In 1809, he pub-lish-ed, at Detroit, a small gazette, called "The Im-par-tial

Ob-serv-er." Here he built the stone church, St. Anne, out of the pay he re-ceiv-ed in 1823, as member of Congress. This priest re-sid-ed at Detroit thirty-four years, and was a very public-spir-it-ed and gen-er-ous man. He died with the chol-e-ra in 1832, after spending days and nights in con-sol-ing the sick, and per-form-ing ser-vi-ces for the dying.

CHAPTER XX.

MICH-I-GAN IN THE CIVIL WAR.

Owing to the nearness of Mich-i-gan to Can-a-da, ner people began to take an in-ter-est in the slav-er-y question at an early date. In 1833, a riot oc-cur-red in Detroit on account of the arrest of a run-a-way slave and his wife, named Blackburn. Their master be-long-ed in Ken-tuck-y, and the sheriff of Detroit had placed them in jail until they could be sent for. The slave woman es-cap-ed; while the of-fi-cer was taking the man from prison to send him back to his master, a number of col-or-ed people rushed upon him, res-cu-ed the slave, and hur-ri-ed him across the Detroit River into Can-a-da. The town bell rang, and the cry, "to arms," was heard in all di-rec-tions. The sheriff was ter-ri-bly beaten with clubs, barely

es-cap-ing with his life. The city council was called to-geth-er, and passed a law, "that no negro would be al-low-ed there-af-ter, to walk at night in the streets without a lighted lantern."

In Mich-i-gan, as in other States, there were people who thought a law of the country must be o-bey-ed, no matter what that law was. They said, "if the law is wrong it should be changed, but while it was *law* it must be o-bey-ed." There was a law, that a slave who had run away from his master could be re-turn-ed to him. Some said, it was a wicked law, and ought not to be o-bey-ed, and so when-ev-er they could help a slave over the line to Can-a-da they did so. Others said, a slave was his master's prop-er-ty and must be re-turn-ed wher-ev-er found, the same as a horse or an ox.

A second slave riot took place at Detroit in 1839. A man from Mis-sou-ri found his slave here, and had him ar-rest-ed. A great many free blacks and white people, then called "ab-o-li-tion-ists," as-sem-bled and at-tempt-ed to take the slave away from the of-fi-cer. But they were not suc-cess-ful this time. The slave was not given back to his master.

The people of Detroit got to-geth-er, and gave enough money to buy him, when he was given his lib-er-ty.

From these attempts of the slaves of the South

to escape to Can-a-da, and the aid they re-ceiv-ed from northern people, began the trouble which ended in a civil war in the U-ni-ted States, and, fi-nal-ly, in the freedom of all the slaves in the country.

When A-bra-ham Lincoln was e-lect-ed Pres-i-dent, in 1860, the southern people thought they were going to lose all their slaves, which was the same to them as any other prop-er-ty, because a good slave cost as much as a thousand dollars, and some plant-ers owned as many as two or three hundred. They thought they could not work their land without these slaves, and so got to-geth-er and said they would not belong to the Union any longer, if they could not do as they liked with their own prop-er-ty. They with-drew, or se-ced-ed, and started a gov-ern-ment of their own, at Richmond, Vir-gin-i-a, e-lect-ing Jef-fer-son Davis as their Pres-i-dent.

The people of the northern States said the forts of the country all be-long-ed to the Gov-ern-ment, at Wash-ing-ton. The southern people said, when they gave the land to the Gov-ern-ment to build these forts upon, the Gov-ern-ment prom-is-ed they should never be used against the State giving it. And so, when the southern men had met, se-ced-ed, and called themselves the "Southern Con-fed-er-a-cy," and at-tempt-ed to take pos-ses-sion of Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, Major An-der-son, then in

command, would not allow it. The southern forces, at Charleston, then bom-bard-ed the fort for thirty-six hours, nearly de-stroy-ing it.

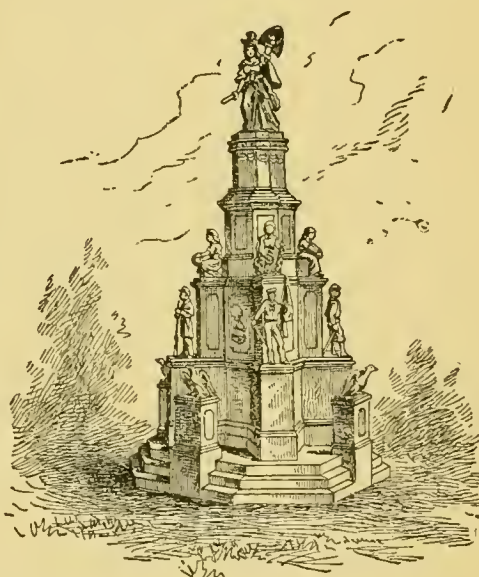
When the news reached the North that Fort Sumter had been fired upon, the ex-cite-ment among the people was intense. But, on the 15th of April, when it was known the fort had been taken, the ex-cite-ment was greatly in-creas-ed. In almost ev-er-y northern village the people ran to their court-houses, rung bells, and called meetings to talk about what should be done. Before, they had thought all this talk of "war" was mere boasting. Pres-i-dent Lincoln, the same day, called for sev-en-ty-five thousand troops. In the large towns of Mich-i-gan, the cit-i-zens met, and sent word to Wash-ing-ton that they were ready to do their part to keep the States all to-geth-er, and take back the prop-er-ty which they thought be-long-ed to the U-ni-ted States.

There were the frames of twenty-eight mi-li-tia com-pa-nies in the State, but not more than a thousand men who could take the field. Re-cruit-ing began on the 16th of April. On the 13th of May, 1861, the First Reg-i-ment, under the command of Col-on-el O. B. Wilcox, left for Wash-ing-ton. Three more reg-i-ments were re-cruit-ed, when word was re-ceiv-ed from the Sec-re-ta-ry of War, that no more men would be needed! This will show you how

little the statesmen of the North knew of the de-termin-a-tion of the South to form a sep-a-rate gov-ern-ment. Instead of 2,500 men, which Mr. Stanton thought would be all Mich-i-gan would need to send to help put down the Re-bell-ion, she sent 90,747, out of a pop-u-la-tion of not more than 800,000. Of these 90,747, almost fourteen thousand were killed, wounded, or died from sickness while in the field. Mich-i-gan spent very nearly ten million dollars as her share in the Gov-ern-ment's ex-pense in car-ry-ing on this war. In pro-por-tion to her pop-u-la-tion she lost the most soldiers of any northern State. She has now 21,873 people re-ceiv-ing pensions. War is a fearful thing, and causes great sorrow and distress all over the land.

If the people in a na-tion-al quarrel could come to-geth-er and talk over their causes of complaint, as they often do in per-son-al dif-fer-en-ces, they would gen-er-al-ly come to a set-tle-ment, I think; don't you?

Had the North and South sup-pos-ed that four millions of men must at last be taken from the busy walks of life; from wives, mothers, sisters and homes, to meet and kill each other in battle, and, too, that



SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MON-U-
MENT.

billions upon billions of money would be needed to carry on this ter-ri-ble struggle, do you not think the North would have rather taken this money and bought the freedom of these slaves, and that the southern men would much rather have sold them for what they were worth, than run the risk of losing ev-er-y-thing, as they did, when the North o-ver-pow-er-ed them? I do.

After de-stroy-ing all these lives, and spending all this money and time, the Gov-ern-ment of the U-ni-ted States must con-tin-ue to pay to those wounded, the widows, children, and parents of the killed, over eighty-two millions of dollars ev-er-y year.

CHAPTER XXI.

PROM-I-NENT MEN AND WOMEN OF MICH-I-GAN.

In men-tion-ing the most noted persons of a State, the practice is common of taking those who first settled the country, and became suc-cess-ful in a-mass-ing wealth, or in reaching high po-lit-i-cal po-si-tions.

But you must not think, my young reader, that success is always the sign of merit. Some men think

there is but one object in life to work for, and that object is to make money; others are hap-pi-er while spending their time in study and writing books; others in painting pictures, mod-el-ing statues, and stud-y-ing music; others in trying to invent machines to save work, and others in efforts to help the poor and sick, to be found in ev-er-y village, town, city and State in the country.

There are men in Mich-i-gan who have made rep-u-ta-tions in nearly all of the above-men-tion-ed pursuits, and I will tell you something of their lives. Perhaps the most noted man con-nect-ed with the po-lit-i-cal growth and pros-per-i-ty of Mich-i-gan, is Lewis Cass. For fifty years no great im-prove-ment in the State was un-der-tak-en without the prom-is-ed aid of Lewis Cass. Some people, at Wash-ing-ton, called him "Mich-i-gan," so bound up was he in the in-ter-ests of his be-lov-ed State. He was born, how-ev-er, at Ex-e-ter, New Hampshire, in 1782—about the time of the peace between England and the U-ni-ted States. Most of the early settlers of the western States were born in New England. But the young man Cass, after grad-u-a-ting at Dartmouth College, con-clud-ed he would start out in life in a new country. At the age of sev-en-teen, he trav-el-ed on foot to Ma-ri-et-ta, O-hi-o, where he en-ter-ed an office for the study of law. He was a hard student,

and at the age of twenty-five began his long political career as legislator in the State of Ohio. To him is given the credit of exposing Aaron Burr's intention of building up a new republic in the southwest.

In 1807, Mr. Cass was made Marshal of Ohio, by Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States.



LEWIS CASS.

In the year 1811, news came from the frontier that the Indians were doing great harm to the farms and homes of the early settlers. Lewis Cass enlisted, and became Colonel of a regiment of Ohio volunteers. His command, by difficult marches, reached Detroit in 1812. When war was declared between the United

States and England, Colonel Cass' troops fought and won the first battle at Tarou-toe. He was then appointed a Colonel in the regular army, and shortly after promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General and Major-General, of Ohio volunteers.

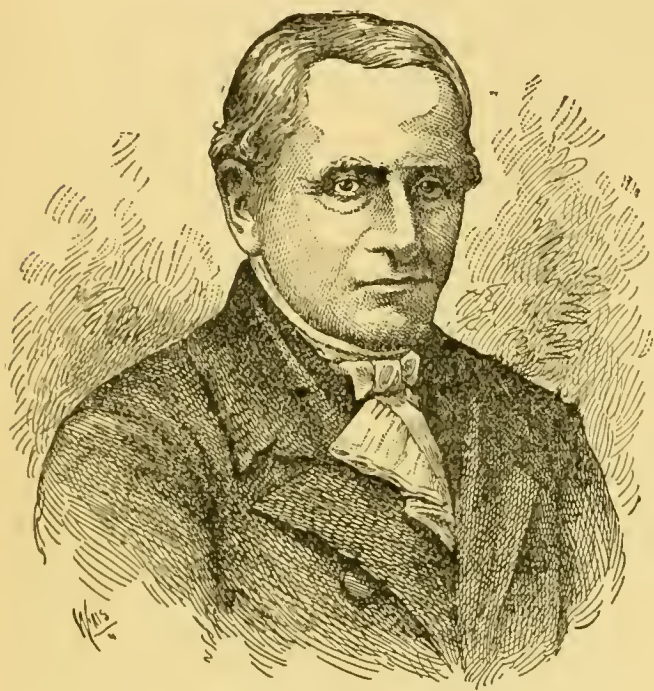
After General Hull's surrender, General Cass

became aide-de-camp to Gen-er-al Har-ri-son, at the battle of the Tomes, which you know about. In 1813, Pres-i-dent Mad-i-son ap-point-ed him Gov-ern-or of the Ter-ri-to-ry of Mich-i-gan. As chief of-fi-cer at Detroit, he was almost a king. He was Gen-er-al, Gov-ern-or and Judge. He was kind to the In-di-ans, and kept them friendly to the A-mer-i-cans. He held the office of Gov-ern-or for eighteen years. He had per-form-ed his va-ri-ous duties so well, in Mich-i-gan, that Pres-i-dent Andrew Jackson made him Sec-re-ta-ry of War in 1831, and in 1836 Min-is-ter to France. He staid in France six years, during which time he wrote a book on "France, its King, Court, and Gov-ern-ment."

In 1842, Min-is-ter Cass asked to be al-low-ed to come back to his home in Mich-i-gan. Three years after his return he was elected U-ni-ted States Sen-a-tor, and in 1848 was asked by the Dem-o-crat-ic party to become their Pres-i-den-tial can-di-date. He re-sign-ed his sen-a-tor-ship and ac-cept-ed the nom-i-na-tion, but was beaten by "Old Rough and Ready" — Gen-er-al Zach-a-ry Taylor. The people of Mich-i-gan, not for-get-ting the ser-vi-ces and a-bil-i-ty of the Gen-er-al, re-ë-lect-ed him to the Senate in 1849. When James Bu-chan-an became Pres-i-dent in 1860, he gave Gen-er-al Cass the office of Sec-re-ta-ry of State. There are few men who have re-ceiv-ed so many

honors at the hands of their country as were given to Gen-er-al Cass, and few men there are who would be so com-pe-tent to fill them. He was an honest, in-dus-tri-ous, able, and pat-ri-ot-ic statesman. He died at the city he loved—Detroit—in 1866, at the age

of eighty-four, a man hon-ored and loved by his fellow-coun-try-men.



JOSEPH CAMPEAU.

One of the pi-o-neers of Mich-i-gan, and man of note, was Mr. Joseph Campeau. His great grand-father, Jacques (Jacob) Campeau, came from "Sunny France" with the founder of De-troit, Antoine de la Motte Cad-il-lac. He was the private sec-re-ta-ry of the

com-man-dant. It was at his son's house, in 1763, that Captain Rogers and his troops, pur-su-ed by Pon-ti-ac's vic-to-ri-ous sav-a-ges, took refuge after the battle of "Bloody Run." In this same house Mr. Joseph Campeau was born in 1767. At the age of ten years he was sent to Mon-tre-al to school, and when he re-turn-ed to the remote mil-i-ta-ry post of Detroit he was called the French gen-tle-man, so

ac-com-plish-ed and polite had he become. He soon after en-ter-ed upon a mer-can-tile career, and was the first merchant to buy goods at Boston, instead of Mon-tre-al, as was the custom of the early traders. He was a very public spir-it-ed man, and in 1806 built the St. Ann's Cath-o-lic Church, at Detroit.

As soon as em-i-gra-tion began to flow toward Mich-i-gan, Mr. Campeau com-menc-ed to buy and sell land. The land was cleared and di-vid-ed into lots, houses built upon them, and thus com-fort-a-ble places could be had by the early settlers for a very little money. He was very kind to the poor men who bought his prop-er-ty, and it is said of Mr. Campeau, that he never caused a debtor a moment's hardship on account of the money owed him for his place.

In 1812, he became a member of the North-western Fur Company, of which John Jacob Astor was the Pres-i-dent.

Besides these in-ter-ests, Mr. Campeau en-ter-ed en-thu-si-as-tic-al-ly into the bus-i-ness of stock-raising. His im-por-ta-tion of the "Norman Horse" to the northwest, did much to improve the breed of horses in Mich-i-gan. Upon his farms he is said to have had five hundred of these beau-ti-ful and useful an-i-mals at one time. He was very gen-er-ous with his money, helping to build churches, schools, railroads, and es-tab-lish banks.

Unlike his friend, Lewis Cass, he would never hold public office, but was not averse to trying to influence his country-men in adopting right and patriotic principles. For this purpose, he and a relative established "The Detroit Free Press," in 1831, which journal has been continuously published to this day.

Such was the busy and useful life of this worthy pioneer merchant of Michigan, Joseph Campeau, who died in 1863, at the venerable age of ninety-five years.



JUDGE BUNCE.

There is a man now living at Port Huron, Michigan—Judge Bunce—who was born in 1777. That was only two years, as you know, after we had told King George, of England, that we were old enough to take care of ourselves, and were going to do it. But we had a hard time to make him

believe it, and I am afraid, even with our Seven Years' War, we should not have won our liberty had it not been for the help of those eight or ten regiments of

French soldiers, who, under La-fay-ette, got here just in the nick of time.

Judge Bunce was eight years old when Washington was first chosen Pres-i-dent of the Re-pub-lic of the U-ni-ted States, and no doubt re-mem-bers something about that glo-ri-ous time. He has passed through ev-er-y Pres-i-den-tial e-lec-tion thus far held in our Re-pub-lic; he can re-mem-ber when there was not a canal, railway, or steamboat, in this country, and all the trav-el-ing had to be done on horse-back, in a boat, or by the rustic wagon-wheel. He is known all over Mich-i-gan as "the pi-o-neer of St. Clair River." He was born in Hartford, Con-nec-ti-cut. Losing his father when but three years of age, at twelve he began to take care of himself. Like ev-er-y-bod-y else in those days, he bought furs for awhile, and learned the hatters trade. While in bus-i-ness at Al-ba-ny, New York, in 1816, a soldier on his way home from the mil-i-ta-ry post at Detroit, stopped at his store to buy himself a suit of clothes. He told Mr. Bunce how high-priced these things were on the frontier.

The next year Mr. Bunce started with a wagon load of goods for Detroit. There were but twenty people then living at Roch-es-ter, New York. It was a long jour-ney to Mich-i-gan, and full of danger. Meeting a pack of wolves on one oc-ca-sion, the polite

creatures o-pen-ed a way to let the young stranger pass. He settled at Port Huron in 1818, but had few neighbors for many years, except the In-di-ans. They were always friendly to him because he was always friendly to them. He built the first wagon road from his place to Fort Gratiot, and after that other roads, so that the early settlers could get about with teams. He built mills, for the people then had begun to raise wheat; then he was made justice of the peace, and after judge of probate, and then chief justice of the courts at Port Huron.

At one time, it is said, he knew e-ver-y in-hab-itant of Mich-i-gan. It is a pleasant thing to see, and hear a man talk, as he can talk, of the be-gin-ning and progress of our be-lov-ed country; to hear his kindly ex-press-ed o-pin-ions, and the many statesmen he has seen rise and some fall; of the success or failure of their pol-i-cy; of the great growth of the country west of the Al-le-gha-nies, and above all, to hear him say, "the fathers of this Re-pub-lic builded better than the fathers of any Re-pub-lic since the world began."

He has seen a country of thirteen small col-o-nies become a chain of forty-two pros-per-ous States, with more "to be heard from." It is the hope, we feel sure, of ev-er-ry lover of this country, that if Judge Bunce were to live to be nine hundred and ninety-

nine years old, he would still see this land the land of peace, plenty, and freedom from all forms of injustice and cruelty.

A great many of the first people to settle in Mich-i-gan came from New England. Zach-a-ri-ah Chandler was one of these.

He was born in New Hampshire in 1813, and moved to Detroit in 1833.

His bus-i-ness was that of merchant for many years, but that did not prevent his taking an in-ter-est in the public affairs of his State and his country.

When the question of freeing the slaves came up in the country, Mr. Chandler took the side of the Re-

pub-li-can party, and was e-lect-ed to the U-ni-ted States Senate in 1857. He was re-ë-lect-ed in 1863, in 1869, and again in 1875. This was proof that his State was sat-is-fi-ed with his ser-vi-ces, and when he died he was sin-cere-ly mourned by a large circle of friends and ad-mir-ers.

There is a saying that the more knowledge a good man has, the better e-quip-ped he is for earning his



HON. ZACH-A-RI-AH CHANDLER.

living, and the more useful he can be to his fellow men. This saying is ex-em-pli-fi-ed in the life and ser-vi-ces of George Van Ness Lathrop, of Detroit. He was, also, born in New England, and after grad-u-a-ting from Brown U-ni-ver-si-ty, in Rhode Island, he en-ter-ed the Harvard Law School, near Boston. When pre-par-ed for en-ter-ing upon the practice of his chosen pro-fes-sion, he moved to Mich-i-gan, and settled in Detroit in 1844. For forty years he has passed in and out under the watchful eyes of his neighbors and as-so-ci-ates, and none can be found to say that he has not filled ev-er-y po-si-tion with dig-ni-ty, a-bil-i-ty and honor, in which he has been placed.



HON. GEORGE VAN NESS LATHROP.

When Mr. Cleveland was e-lect-ed Pres-i-dent in 1884, he se-lect-ed Mr. Lathrop to rep-re-sent the U-ni-ted States at St. Pe-ters-burg, Russia. After re-main-ing at this post for four years, which he filled with dis-tinc-tion, he was re-mov-ed by Pres-i-dent Har-ri-son. Re-turn-ing to his old home, he has

re-sum-ed the tem-po-ra-ri-ly broken thread of his busy life, wel-com-ed and hon-or-ed by his whole State.

An-oth-er gen-tle-man who has re-ceiv-ed many honors from the State, is Mr. Omar D. Conger. He came to Mich-i-gan in early life, and settled at Port Huron. He is a lawyer, and has been a member of Congress several terms, during which time he ac-cept-a-bly served as member of the Com-mit-tee on Commerce.



HON. O. D. CONGER.

There have been a great many other re-noun-ed people in Mich-i-gan, many of whom are dead and many are still living. One of the former was Major Hall. He se-cur-ed the charters for lines of railroads to finish the con-nec-tion between Al-ba-ny and Buf-fa-lo, and for the road that is now called the New York & Erie. In 1855 he was en-ga-ged upon the con-struc-tion of the Detroit & Mil-wau-kee railroad. When President Lincoln called for troops, in the late war, although sixty-three years of age, he en-ter-ed the

service, and when peace was de-clar-ed, was bre-vet-ed Major.

Re-turn-ing home, he was made Pres-i-dent of the Grand Rapids & Lake Shore railroad, now the Chi-ca-go & Mich-i-gan Lake Shore road. When this road was com-plet-ed, he or-gan-iz-ed the Grand Rapids & Sag-i-naw line. Major Hall may well be called, the "Father of Mich-i-gan Railroads."

An-oth-er man of na-tion-al renown, was Robert Mc-Clel-land. He came to Mich-i-gan in 1833, and was a lawyer of fine parts. He passed through all the places of trust the State could give him, and in 1853 was made Sec-re-ta-ry of the In-te-ri-or by Pres-i-dent Pierce.

CHAPTER XXII.

MEN OF MICH-I-GAN WHO HAVE WON NA-TION-AL
REP-U-TA-TIONS.

Boys have been told "to beware of am-bi-tion;" but this does not mean to beware of that am-bi-tion which inspires a boy to wish to have his name known to the world, as one who has, through some great dis-cov-er-y—in-ven-tion, writing, or humane effort—made mankind hap-pi-er and better.

So thought the men, I doubt not, whose labors I wish to tell you about in this chapter.

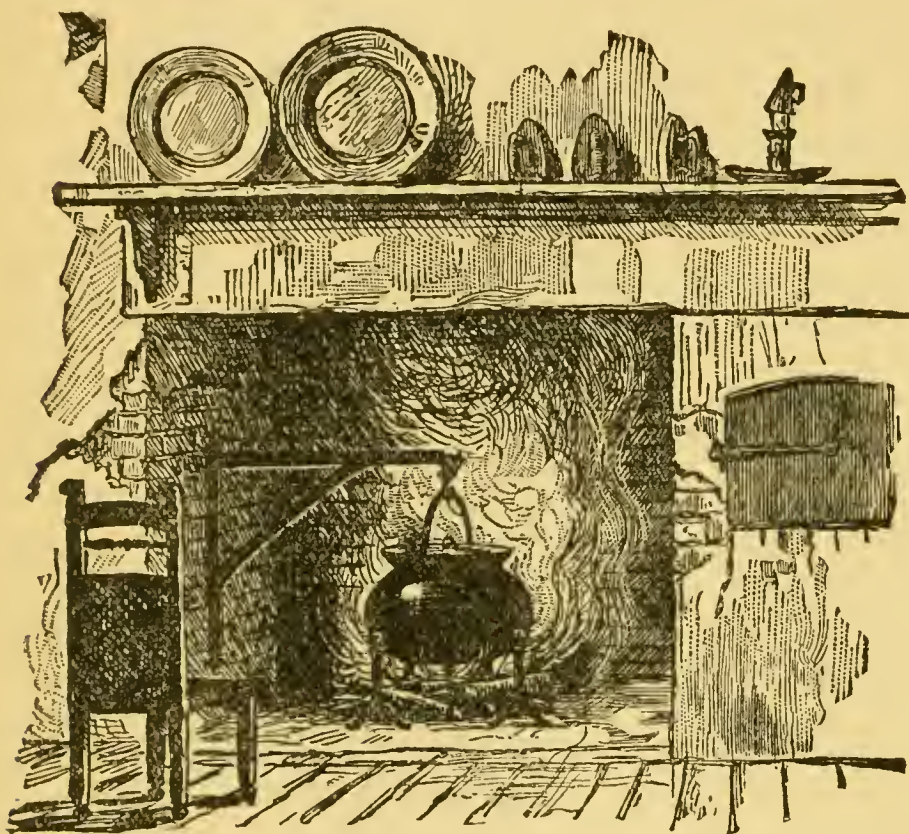
After Mich-i-gan became a State, for some years, persons wishing to make homes for themselves in the Far West, passed over her roads into Wis-con-sin and down to Il-li-nois, rather than try to settle in what they had heard was an un-health-y and un-product-ive State. When Mich-i-gan had been in the Union ten years, her pop-u-la-tion had in-creas-ed to only 212,000; but when Wis-con-sin had been a State ten years, her people num-ber-ed 305,000.

A good and well-ed-u-ca-ted man, named William T. Howell, who wished to see his State grow, and who knew the stories told by the great fur companies about her poorness of soil and bad climate, were untrue, thought of a plan to entice people to settle upon her lands. He was a lawyer, and lived at Jonesville. Pre-par-ing a paper in which he said the State ought to give to ev-er-y man who would come and make his home in it, 160 acres of land, he car-ri-ed the paper to the Leg-is-la-ture, calling it "The Homestead Bill," and fi-nal-ly suc-ceed-ed in having it passed. It was the first law of the kind en-act-ed in any of the States of A-mer-i-ca.

Whe he re-turn-ed to Jonesville after the passage of his bill, he was re-ceiv-ed by a pro-ces-sion of cit-i-zens, blowing tin horns, who de-rid-ed him for his

of-fi-cious action. This shows how little the people know and respect their true ben-e-fact-ors.

Before Mich-i-gan was a State, a young man of sterling qual-i-ties left his home in Western New York, and joining the A-mer-i-can forces on their un-suc-cess-ful attack on Fort Bur-ling-ton, es-cap-ed with some others in ca-noes, reaching Buf-fa-lo after ex-pe-ri-enc-ing a great many hardships. Af-ter peace was de-clar-ed, he



THE FIRE-PLACE OF OUR GRAND-FATHERS.

se-lect-ed a farm in Mich-i-gan, Macomb County, and began his manly career. Never having been able to attend school, all he knew he had learned by hard study at night; but he knew sur-vey-ing and mill-building. His chief delight was in the study of as-tron-o-my, how-ev-er.

After be-com-ing known to the few settlers in his

neigh-bor-hood, he was e-lect-ed county sur-vey-or; seeing his com-pe-ten-cy, he was, a few years after, ap-point-ed district sur-vey-or, and afterward U-ni-ted States sur-vey-or.

But, while thus en-ga-ged in earning his daily bread, ev-er-y spare moment of his time he spent in stud-y-ing the science of as-tron-o-my. At last he con-struct-ed a solar compass. In 1835 he took his model to Phil-a-del-phi-a, and ex-hib-it-ed it before the Franklin In-sti-tute, which a-ward-ed him a medal. Later, he per-fect-ed his in-stru-ment, and ex-hib-it-ed it at the World's Fair, in London, in 1857. The fol-low-ing cer-tif-i-cate ac-com-pa-ni-ed the medal re-ceiv-ed by the in-vent-or:

“I hereby cer-ti-fy that Her Ma-jes-ty's com-mis-sion-ers, upon the award of the jurors, have pre-sent-ed a prize medal to William A. Burt, for a solar compass and sur-vey-ing in-stru-ment shown at the ex-hi-bi-tion.

ALBERT.”

This was none other than Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Vic-to-ri-a, Queen of England. He in-vent-ed, also, an e-qua-to-ri-al sextant, to show the lat-i-tude, hour, etc., of a ship at sea.

He was the dis-cov-er-er of the great bed of iron ore south of Teal Lake, and in other places, which now are such a source of wealth to Mich-i-gan.

It is said no man had done so much to tell the

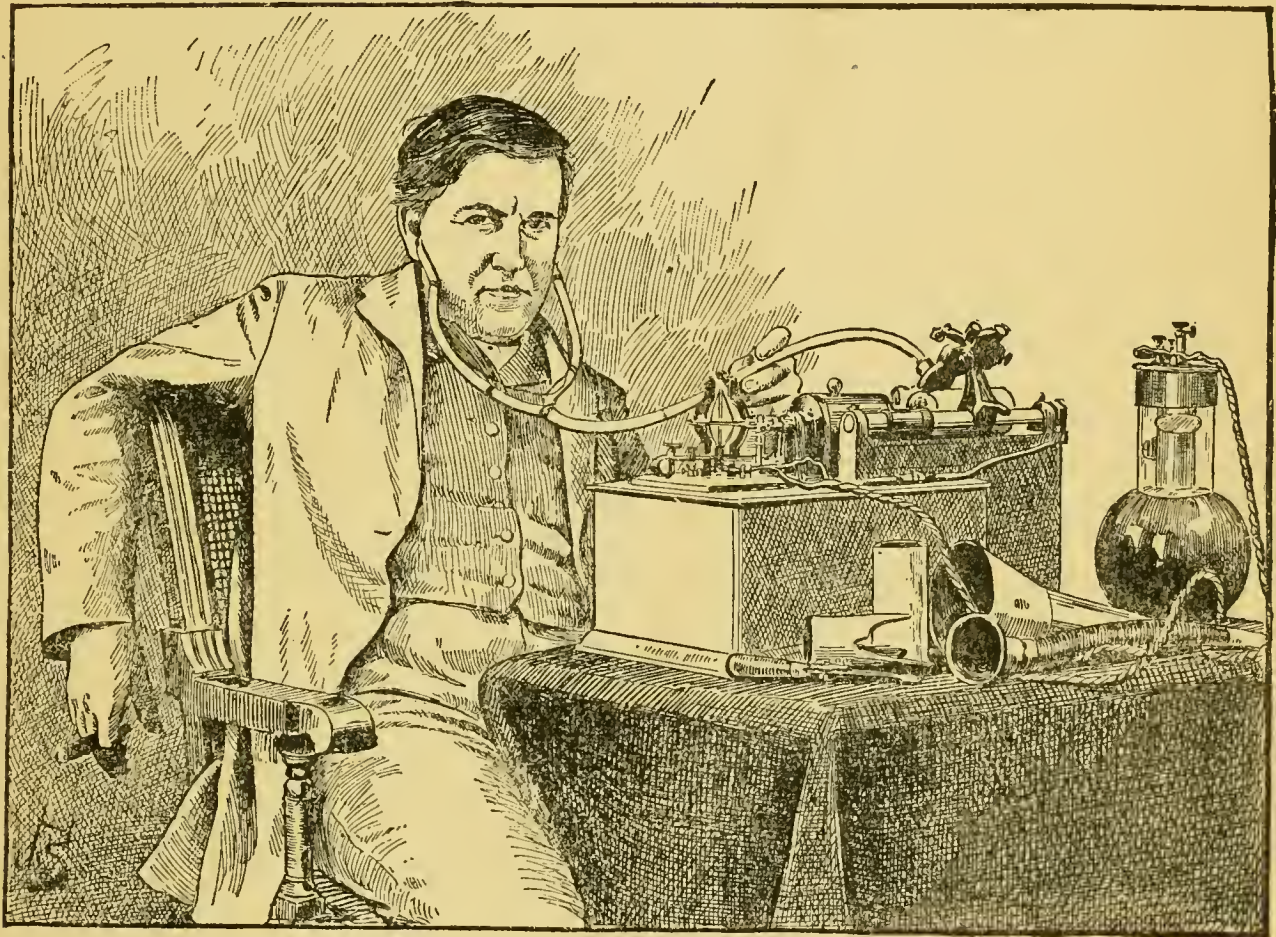
people of the country what value Mich-i-gan pos-sess-ed in beds of min-er-als, as Mr. Burt. He was a pi-o-neer worthy of the mem-o-ry of a great State.

An-oth-er Mich-i-gan man who has gained a na-tion-al rep-u-ta-tion in the line of be-nef-i-cent in-ven-tions, is George M. Pullman. Not many years ago he was the pro-pri-e-tor of a fur-ni-ture shop at Grand Rapids. After railroads become the only means of trans-por-ta-tion, and long journeys were taken without stopping, Mr. Pullman's sym-pa-thies were, doubtless, ex-cit-ed on seeing in-val-ids, and mothers with little children, forced to sit all night on the then hard seats of the cars. The thought of a "sleeping car" was a thought worthy of a noble nature. That the sick and tired, forced to travel long days and nights, could do so in comfort was a rev-e-la-tion! The thought was suc-cess-ful-ly worked out, and behold, the Palace Car! A car in which one may fly from one end of the con-ti-nent to the other, and dis-em-bark with as little wear-i-ness as in a journey of a thousand miles before this in-ven-tion was given to the world! This was the humane work of a Mich-i-gan la-bor-ing man.

But, of all the men of Mich-i-gan, and of his age, un-doubt-ed-ly the best known, is Thomas Alva Ed-i-son. He has won world-wide renown.

Although not born in Mich-i-gan, his parents

moved from Milan, O-hi-o, to Port Huron, when he was but seven years of age. His father was of Dutch descent, and his mother a Mass-a-chu-setts school



THOMAS A. EDISON AT HIS LABORS.

teacher. His mother taught him all he knew when young, as he never attended school six months in his whole life. His mother read to him evenings, and his father made him a present of every book he would read through. When not very old, his library shelves held such books as these: "History of the

Ref-or-ma-tion," Hume's "His-to-ry of England," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and any number of works on sci-en-tif-ic subjects. He never played like other boys. If he wished to have a little fun, he built a small railroad track, dug a canal, or built a wharf. At the age of twelve, the busy little fellow found work to do as "train boy" on the Grand Trunk railroad. He soon gained the only right to sell papers and fruit on the cars, and in a few months his bus-i-ness so in-creas-ed he was o-blig-ed to employ four boy-helpers. His profits a-mount-ed to about a dollar a day, which sum he cheer-ful-ly handed over to his good mother. She died in 1862, when her boy-genius was but fifteen years old. How much he must have missed her is shown in the life full of care he soon took upon himself. On the train in which Thomas trav-el-ed was a baggage car, a part of which had been made into a smoking-room. But the smokers did not like it, so the idea struck this in-vent-ive boy, to fit up this little room for a lab-o-ra-tó-ry. He bought chem-ic-als, a small printing-press, types and ink, and begun to edit, set up, and print a weekly paper, which he called "The Grand Trunk Herald; price three cents per copy." It was a great success.

One day, while ex-per-i-ment-ing with a bottle of phos-phor-us, the bottle slipped from his hand and

fell upon the floor of his lab-o-ra-to-ry. The car was set on fire, and se-ri-ous damage to the train was only pre-vent-ed by pitching all the poor boy's chem-ic-als out of the window. After that, his father's cellar was trans-form-ed into an-oth-er work-shop, where he still con-tin-u-ed his ex-per-i-ment-al studies.

While on the road he had watched the clerks in the tel-e-graph office, who were ex-per-i-ment-ing with a track-rail, thinking they could use these rails to tel-e-graph from station to station. One day it oc-cur-red to Ed-i-son, that these same wires o-ver-head, used for te-leg-ra-phy and the ar-riv-al of trains, could be used to send the headings of the most im-port-ant news of his papers, to the stations in advance of the trains. As this was at the time of the War of the Re-bell-ion, ev-er-y-bod-y was anxious to hear about the battles that had been fought, or were soon to be. If the people could be told what was coming in the news-pa-pers on the ar-riv-al of the train, bus-i-ness would be live-li-er for the young man. A few head-lines were sent as an ex-per-i-ment, and posted up in the stations. The result was a large increase in the sale of his papers.

This set him to thinking what could be done with the tel-e-graph. He bought books upon te-leg-ra-phy, and in a short time knew all about it. He in-ter-est-ed a gen-tle-man in his early ex-per-i-ments —

a Mr. James Ward, of Port Huron—who as-sist-ed him to put up a line between his house and Ed-i-son's father's.

About this time, at the peril of his own life, he saved the son of the station-master, at Mt. Clements, from drowning. This grateful man now gave a helping hand to the young genius. Ed-i-son now began to study with all his might, sometimes not sleeping an hour through the whole night. He learned ev-er-y-thing which could aid him in his chosen pro-fes-sion. Giving up the place of train-boy, at the age of sixteen, he was given the po-si-tion of op-er-a-tor in the tel-e-graph office at Port Huron. Here he worked night and day; but at the end of six months, re-sign-ed, because not paid for extra work. At this time he earned twenty-five dollars per month. Being of-fer-ed a po-si-tion for night duty, in at office at Stratford, Can-a-da, he ac-cept-ed the offer, but only for a short time. Dis-cov-er-ing some neglect in his duty, he became so alarmed, that without a word of farewell, he packed up his bundle and left for home.

The truth was, he wanted to study. He was never at rest. The great ideas in his young head were trying to find some way out. His next po-si-tion was at A-dri-an, Mich-i-gan. In con-nec-tion with his tel-e-graph work, he hired a small shop,

sup-plied himself with tools, and oc-cu-pi-ed his leisure hours in mending bat-ter-ies, and ex-per-i-ment-ing. Some trouble between himself and a su-pe-ri-or of-fi-cer brought about his discharge. From A-dri-an he en-ter-ed an office at Fort Wayne, and soon after was given a place of im-port-ance in In-di-an-ap-o-lis. It was here that he in-vent-ed his re-peat-er. This was an in-stru-ment to transfer a message from one line to an-oth-er without the aid of an-oth-er me-di-um. This was a great triumph for a boy not yet sev-en-teen years old. From In-di-an-ap-o-lis he went to Cin-cin-na-ti. When here three months, a strike oc-cur-red in the tel-e-graph office, and the op-er-a-tors all left. Ev-er-y-thing was placed in the hands of this young man, and the duties of the po-si-tion were so well at-tend-ed to, that he was im-me-di-ate-ly given a high po-si-tion with an increase of sal-a-ry. To this time he had always been ad-vanc-ing. But when the Gov-ern-ment, at the close of the war, gave back the tel-e-graph line to the com-pa-ny, Ed-i-son, who had been em-ploy-ed at Memphis, was dis-charg-ed, and found himself so very poor he was o-bli-ged to walk almost the entire distance from Memphis to Lou-is-ville.

Drifting about from place to place, but always intent upon making progress in his calling, he at last reached Boston, and there found a friend in Mr.

Mel-i-ken, a thorough e-lec-tri-cian, who gave him in-struc-tion in the things he wished to know. Here Ed-i-son o-rig-i-na-ted the in-stru-ment for the use of private lines, and his "Duplex System."

Going to New York, and being out of em-ploy-ment, he one day saun-ter-ed into the office of the Gold In-di-ca-tor's Com-pa-ny—a line which tel-e-graph-ed the changes in the price of gold. Their in-stru-ment had been broken, and ev-er-y-thing was in con-fu-sion. Ed-i-son of-fer-ed to mend it for them, and they were very quick in ac-cept-ing his ser-vi-ces. In a short time ev-er-y-thing was running smoothly again. This com-pa-ny, and the Western Union Tel-e-graph Com-pa-ny, en-ter-ed into an a-gree-ment some time after, to buy ev-er-y in-ven-tion, re-la-ting to te-leg-ra-phy, that Ed-i-son had to sell.

In 1876, he e-rect-ed a lab-o-ra-to-ry at Menlo Park, New Jersey, fur-nish-ing it with ev-er-y-thing his in-vent-ive genius needed in his ex-per-i-ment-al labors. From that time he was known as the "young man who kept the grass from growing on the path to the U. S. Patent Office," at Wash-ing-ton. As early as 1882, he had taken out nearly three hundred patents. To show you what some of them are, I will name some of the most im-port-ant: Thirty-five on au-to-mat-ic and chem-ic-al te-leg-ra-phy; eight on duplex and quad-ru-plex tel-e-graph-ing; thirty-eight

on tel-e-graph printing; fourteen on the Morse system; the fire-alarm, district e-lec-tric signals, e-lec-tric pens and e-lec-tric lights, the last of which was in-vent-ed about 1879. In this quad-ru-plex system, in-vent-ed by him, in which four mess-a-ges can be sent at the same time, on the same road, the saving to the Union Tel-e-graph Com-pa-ny is more than \$500,000, an-nu-al-ly. But, when you learn that he has been growing deaf for some years, you will not wonder that he has turned his in-vent-ive genius to the con-struc-tion of such in-stru-ments as the pho-no-graph, ær-o-phone, carbon tel-e-phone and mi-cro-phone, which, when you are older, you can study and know all about. In order to know just what other sci-en-tif-ic men have done, and are doing, all over the world, Mr. Ed-i-son has learned to read French, German, I-tal-ian and Spanish books.

Although the world owns Mr. Ed-i-son now, in Mich-i-gan his busy life was begun, and she will claim him as the most won-der-ful man this age has pro-duc-ed. The story of his life is a lesson for ev-er-y earnest boy in the land. Ed-i-son found the work he liked to do, and then set about doing it with all his soul and strength. He has lived a little more than forty years, and has done more in that time to change the con-di-tion of mankind, than any man now living in the whole world.

Upon Mich-i-gan's list of na-tion-al ce-leb-ri-ties may also be found the name of James M. Stanley, the painter. If I were to guess what the M. stood for in his name, I should say Mad-i-son, because many of the boys that were born about the time Mr.



JAMES M. STANLEY.

Stanley was—1814—were named for James Mad-i-son, the second Pres-i-dent of our Re-pub-lic. In 1835 Mr. Stanley began to paint portraits, in Detroit.

After painting the portraits of white men for a few years, the thought struck him to paint a life-size picture of one of the In-di-an chiefs living near Fort Snelling.

From 1842, Mr. Stanley's art took a new di-rec-tion. His love for In-di-an scenes, legends and ad-ven-tures, was the future theme of his work. He painted the portrait of the most-known In-di-an war-ri-ors in Ar-kan-sas, Texas and New Mex-i-co. When Gen-er-al Karney crossed the Rocky Mountains with the famous guide, Kit Carson, Mr. Stanley was the draughtsman of the ex-pe-di-tion. The march took them three months,

and though they were at-tack-ed by the In-di-ans, and Mr. Stanley lost his clothes, he saved his sketches, paints and brushes. These were the things he prized most.

In the e-lev-en years which he spent among the In-di-ans, stud-y-ing their ways, painting the life-size portraits of such braves as "Wild Cat," "Big Warri-or," "Tiger" and "Al-e-ga-tor," and other pictures of frontier scenes, his col-lec-tion num-ber-ed fifty-two paintings. These he placed in the Smith-so-ni-an In-sti-tute, in Wash-ing-ton. In the fire which de-stroyed a part of the building in 1865, they were all burned. This was a great loss to Mr. Stanley, as well as to the young people who will read in future years the story of the "Red Men of A-mer-i-ca." He painted the Creek, Sioux and Blackfoot war-ri-or in his wild costume, or as he was before the Gov-ern-ment, at Wash-ing-ton, began to feed and clothe them, and the pi-o-neer settler to benumb his senses with whisky. The ig-no-rant man must work for what he eats, or soon he will fall into bad ways, and lose his manly ap-pear-ance. One of Mr. Stanley's pictures, which has been much ad-mir-ed, and has been ex-hib-it-ed in Europe and this country, is "The Trial of Red Jacket." It is val-u-ed at \$30,000. An-oth-er, "Cath-a-rine's Dis-clo-sure of Pon-ti-ac's Con-spir-a-cy, to Major Gladwyn." This is owned by a gen-tle-man

in Detroit. Mr. Stanley died in 1872, leaving behind him a number of val-u-a-ble can-vass-es, de-pict-ing scenes in the early his-to-ry of Mich-i-gan. These now form a per-ma-nent gal-ler-y at Detroit.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ABOUT THE PRO-DUC-TIONS, MIN-ER-AL WEALTH, SCHOOLS,
ETC., OF MICH-I-GAN.

Few of my young readers, I venture to say, have any idea of the size of the State of Mich-i-gan, and will be sur-pris-ed when told it is almost as large as all of the New England States put to-geth-er; that it has fourteen hundred miles of nav-i-ga-ble waters, and is con-sid-er-ed the second State in the Union in com-mer-cial im-port-ance.

Upon her soil ev-er-y-thing will grow a-bun-dant-ly that is grown in the same lat-i-tude in any other State. Apples, peaches, pears, grapes, cherries, plums, and ev-er-y kind of berry, is found there. From the hard woods of her forests is made much of the fur-ni-ture used in this country, and great quan-ti-ties are now shipped to Europe. In her fish-er-ies she is reck-on-ed the fourth State in the Union. The white-fish of her lakes, next to the shad, is con-sid-er-ed the most

pal-a-ta-ble of fish. When the bound-a-ry line was about to be fixed between Can-a-da and the U-ni-ted States, Ben-ja-min Franklin was one of the com-mis-sion-ers sent over to England to say where the A-mer-i-cans wanted it to run. He in-sist-ed that the line ought to divide Lake Su-pe-ri-or through its center, and when this was agreed to, Franklin said it was the greatest service he had ren-der-ed to his country, because it gave to the U-ni-ted States the great copper region of the Con-ti-nent.

Besides copper, Mich-i-gan has iron ore, coal fields, hundreds of salt wells, and many gypsum (plaster) beds. Gold and silver has been found, but not in quan-ti-ties that would make the thrifty Mich-i-gan farmer leave his pro-lif-ic bearing peach trees, and wheat fields, to mine it.

A fine qual-i-ty of marble is found in the Marquette iron region, also, stone of a beau-ti-ful pink color, called "Su-pe-ri-or Sand-stone," which is much liked for buildings. They have a clay, also, which, when made into bricks, and burnt, has a soft cream color. These bricks are used for handsome private dwellings all over the northwest. To all of these sources of wealth, must be added billions of feet of pine lumber, cut ev-er-y year from her forests, and shipped to ev-er-y port in the U-ni-ted States.

In view of these pro-duc-tions, my young reader

will eas-i-ly see how nec-es-sa-ry to the strength of the Union Mich-i-gan is, and will wish her neighbors, the English, may never be for-tu-nate enough to take her from us again.

To show you what an in-tel-li-gent and far-see-ing people the early settlers of Mich-i-gan were, I must tell you how they started out with their schools.

When the ter-ri-to-ry was carved out of the North-west-ern Ter-ri-to-ry, in 1805, in ev-er-y township a section of land was set apart for school pur-pos-es. If the land was sold, the money was invest-ed, and the in-ter-est could only be used for schools. In 1827, any township having fifty prop-er-ty owners, which had not hired a teacher to teach the children reading, writing and a-rith-me-tic, could be fined a hundred dollars for neglect of duty; and any township having two hundred house-hold-ers must hire a teacher who could teach Latin and French in ad-di-tion to the English branches. In 1833, Mich-i-gan had a Su-per-in-tend-ent of Public In-struc-tion ap-point-ed, the first of-fi-cer of the kind in the U-ni-ted States.

Dr. E-ras-tus G. Haven has been called the father of the U-ni-ver-si-ty, though not one of its founders. He was born in Boston in 1820. In those days ev-er-y young boy wanted to learn all he could, and although E-ras-tus Haven was poor, and o-blig-ed to

work very hard while obtaining an education, he did not relax his exertions until he could read Latin and Greek, and had mastered all the higher branches of a college education. He began life as an instructor in a New York academy, of which he soon became principal.

In 1863, Dr. Haven was chosen President of the University, and from that time the school may be said to have begun its onward course of prosperity and usefulness.

And still, they were not satisfied. The State wishing to see their schools the best in the Union, now proposed to give half the money received from the sale of its swamp lands, to the school fund. When this land is all sold, the fund will amount to not less than five billion dollars.

Besides setting apart a section in each township, four whole townships were given for the founding of a "Seminary of Learning." This was the nest-egg from which has grown the Free University of Michigan, located at Ann Arbor. It was opened



E. O. HAVEN, D.D., LL.D.

in 1842, and any young man in the State need not say "if I had had the ad-van-ta-ges which wealth brings, I could have had a good ed-u-ca-tion." Here he may have these ad-van-ta-ges by just ac-cept-ing and using them.

Then, again, in 1862, the people thought the young men of Mich-i-gan ought to know more about farming; what crops would grow the best on their soil; what must be done to fruit trees to keep them bearing, and all those things which the tiller of the soil ought to know, to make his work more ef-fect-ive with less of it. So they asked the Leg-is-la-ture to give them some land for an Ag-ri-cult-u-ral College. The land was given, for it seems, land was the thing they could give away for schools in Mich-i-gan, and no-bod-y would raise an ob-jec-tion.

Four or five hundred acres were taken near Lansing, cleared of trees and stumps, buildings built, and the school o-pen-ed. Here young men may study the same branches as in the U-ni-ver-si-ty, but they must work on the farm a portion of the day. This school is also free.

So, in con-clu-sion, I think you will fully agree with me in the view, that Mich-i-gan is a very good State for a boy to be born and grow up in



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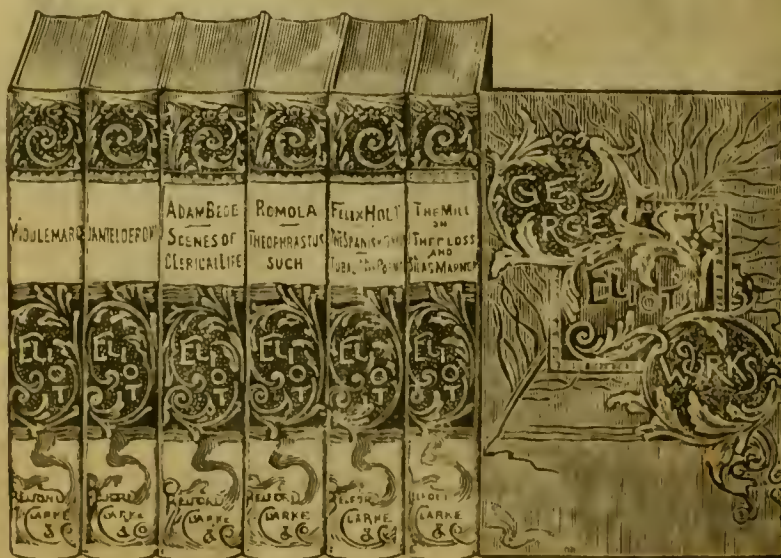
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